

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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HERO OF A DYING RACE

THE RIDER IN THE FLOOD

STIRRING TALE OF THE BLACKFELLOWS

The Prisoner Who Risked His Life for His Captor

HEROES OF A DYING RACE

A story has just been told in this country by a missionary arriving home which eloquently confirms the impressions of the Australian Blackfellows given in the C.N. from time to time by our friend Mrs. Daisy Bates.

In a remote spot of the Northern Territory of Australia, 230 miles from the nearest white settlement, an armed and mounted trooper arrested four natives. They were charged with some wrongdoing, put under arrest, and fastened to one another by a chain round their necks, the end of the chain being secured to the trooper's waist.

A Thrilling Rescue

The party started on their long journey of 230 miles to Port Darwin. It was over rough country and under a tropical sun, and the men had hard work each day to keep up with the trooper on his horse. The chain was heavy and galling on their necks.

Toward the end of their journey they had to cross a river called Roper, but when they reached it they found the river in flood. The trooper loosed the prisoners from one another and from himself, but left the heavy chains still round their necks. Then he ordered them to swim the flooded river. They did so, and reached the other side before him. They sat down and waited for him, but the trooper, following on his horse, was caught in the swirl of the flooded river and thrown into the water, when his horse, wildly excited by the floods, lashed out with his legs and kicked him, rendering him unconscious. One of the Blackfellows, coiling the chain round his naked body, dived in, and managed to bring the unconscious man safely to land.

Award of the Albert Medal

Carrying him, still unconscious, to a cool place, he left him in charge of the other three prisoners, and then, again coiling the chain round his body, ran as fast as he could go, three miles to the nearest house, a mission station, to fetch help.

It was the trooper who told the full story, and he and the missionary were happily able to secure release for the prisoners. King George has since conferred the Royal Albert Medal on the man who risked his life in the waters.

These aboriginals are now being cared for by the Australian Government. There are about 70,000 of them, and they are among those whom the Covenant of the League of Nations has taught us to regard as "a sacred trust of civilisation."

The Snow Scooter



High up amid the snows of the Alps boys and girls can still enjoy a thrilling ride on a scooter, but, as this picture shows, it is fitted with skids instead of wheels.

100 CAMELS OF LONG AGO

VERY few people would be inclined to believe that the large and lordly camel is descended from an animal not much bigger than a jack rabbit, but this, without much question, is a fact.

This very small ancestor lived in the remote Eocene Period, and had four complete toes on each foot and a neck and limbs of only moderate length. But in each epoch since the Eocene we find the camel family gradually increasing in size and by slow degrees losing its toes and developing the soft, elastic pad which enables these animals to walk with ease on the shifting sands of the desert or on the sharp, irregular surfaces of lava fields. Strange to say, the camel originated and reached its greatest size in North America, from which part of the world it has disappeared.

An important discovery of the remains of fossil camels has recently been made in Western Nebraska, where nearly a hundred skeletons of a small type of

these creatures were found lying together. There was, no doubt, some special reason for these animals thus congregating to die.

A possible explanation may be found in the known habits of the camel-like guanacos of South America, which wander about in herds of some thousands and when night comes on lie down close to one another like sheep.

Such a herd was once kept under observation, and it was noticed that when in the morning the guanacos moved off no less than a hundred were left on the ground dead of starvation and cold. It is supposed that the discovery in Nebraska represents part of a vast herd which perished in a similar manner many hundreds of thousands of years ago. The skeletons were covered first by wind-blown sand and then by deposits laid down by a river, and so have been preserved in a fossil state until today.

DICTATOR FALLS SPAIN MOVING TOWARD FREEDOM

Why the King Decided That Primo de Rivera Must Go

THE LONG-EXPECTED

The long-expected has happened at last: the Dictatorship of the prime minister, General Primo de Rivera, Marques de Estella, has ended.

It was not a dignified end. Rivera had talked for a long time about restoring representative government, but continually he put it off. Then, at last, when he found public opinion too strong for him, he made his last mistake. He sent a message to 17 leading Army and Navy officers, including the captains-general of the provinces, to ask whether they considered he still had the confidence of the Army, which put him in the saddle six years ago.

Did the King Act Too Late?

This, of course, was a very improper thing to do, because the Army is supposed to obey the Government, not to rule it; and it was a slight on the King, who is the head of the Army and whose minister the Dictator was supposed to be. The King was angry and sent for him to explain his conduct, and within 24 hours Rivera's resignation had been accepted and his successor appointed.

It is believed that King Alfonso had been more and more in disagreement with his prime minister, but had not felt strong enough to dismiss him, as the wise Queen-Mother, who died a few months ago, begged him to do. The Dictator's mistake gave him his opportunity, and he promptly availed himself of it. The question is whether he acted too late. Many people think the King as well as his minister has lost the nation's confidence.

What the Public Demanded

The choice of Rivera's successor fell upon General Damaso Berenguer, Count of Sheshuan, who had been imprisoned by Rivera, and whom the King had made Governor of his Military Household on his release! Berenguer took over the dictatorial powers resigned by Rivera, but at once there was a strong demand that he should pave the way for the restoration of Parliament and the appointment of a prime minister responsible to it; and the question was whether this demand would prove powerful enough to put an end to military rule.

Primo de Rivera did many useful things. But he was not a strong character and soon began to lose public confidence. Corruption, which he managed at first to check, began to return, and the loss of confidence was reflected in the fall of the peseta, as the Spanish money unit is called. No legislation and no dictatorship will keep a nation's currency stable if it has not public confidence behind it.

LONDON'S OLDEST COLUMN

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLECASE

The Exciting Journey From the Nile to the Thames

SHIP'S BUILDER PASSES ON

For half a century we have been familiar with Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames Embankment. It seems as much a part of London as the Embankment itself, yet Moses, as a little boy, played in sight of it.

There has just died the man who built the case in which the Needle came to England; he was Mr. Wayman Dixon, of Great Ayton, Middlesbrough, a civil engineer.

The column, which is 68 feet high and weighs 186 tons, had lain for ages on the Egyptian coast, awaiting England's acceptance if she could transport it. Dixon succeeded where others had failed. He built round it an iron cylinder with ten water-tight compartments, and imprisoned sufficient air to make the obelisk float.

Adrift in the Bay of Biscay

Called the Cleopatra, the strange vessel, with a crew of two, was taken in tow by a steamer and hauled as far as the Bay of Biscay. There a storm arose, drowning one of the men on board and five who went in a boat to rescue them. The cable had to be cut, and Cleopatra's Needle went cruising alone on a wild wide sea, strangest of all her strange adventures. Sixty days later she was found still drifting and was towed into Ferrol Harbour by an English crew.

In January, 1878, the little steamship Anglia set out from Gravesend to bring the obelisk home. We can imagine how a Drake or any of his romantic-minded contemporaries would have thrilled at so extraordinary a mission, but the captain of the Anglia showed no more emotion in his written record than if "the obelisk, otherwise known as Cleopatra's Needle," as he put it, had been a mere strayed baulk of timber. Hour by hour and day by day, from the moment he left Gravesend until he reached Ferrol five days later, he jotted down records of winds and sky, of ships passed by day and lights by night, until he drew alongside the historic Cleopatra.

A Wonderful Voyage

"Hands variously employed with the coals; Cleopatra being unmoored, hauled alongside ready for starting at daylight in the morning," he says, adding that at 7.45 he weighed and proceeded down the harbour. Seven hours later: "Cleopatra washing all over. Signalled, Shall we go back to Ferrol? The answer, Go slow on."

Later we read that the Cleopatra was doing better and towing well; then next she was steering very badly and going dead slow. That is all, except that they reached Gravesend at 10.15 on the night of January 20, proceeded up-river next morning, and at mid-day "towed up to East India Dock and safely docked the Cleopatra."

So ended a wonderful voyage. The captain who did it all is dead, and so now is the man who built the queer ship which brought the Needle home.

Fifty-two new books in Braille were published last month by the Institute for the Blind.

Wireless in the Pullman

A Pullman special which left King's Cross the other day was fitted with wireless, 2 L O being easily picked up.

A Discovery on the Hog's Back

Excavations in the Saxon cemetery at Guildown, on the Hog's Back near Guildford, have led to the discovery of 79 bodies, with brooches and other jewellery.

LET THIS THING END

A Slave State on the League

The greatest crime which the world still suffers is slavery.

Lady Simon has told us in her book that there are still nineteen countries where slavery is tolerated, and one in which it is increasing.

Abyssinia, which has a seat on the League of Nations and signed the Convention against Slavery, has two million slaves. There is one slave for every four who are free.

If this were merely the old-established custom of the country it would be a disgrace, but what makes it intolerable is that slavery has increased by leaps and bounds there in the last eight years.

This army of servitude and misery is recruited by raids into the surrounding country. Peaceful villages are surrounded. Those who are of no use are murdered, and of the remainder the men are marched across the desert in chains, the women following, with the babies strapped to mules.

Great Britain offers the protection of her flag to any slave who escapes from Abyssinia into British territory. Is this all the world can do?

We look to the League to save itself from the shame of a Slave State member.

IN BURNS'S POCKET

The Poet's Snuff-Box

A little black snuff-box, decorated with a Maltese cross in horn, ivory, and tortoiseshell, has come to the aid of men blinded in the war.

It has had a wonderful life. It used to feel the heart-beat of a poet, and it heard the talk of many famous folk, for Robert Burns carried it in his waistcoat pocket. When he died in 1796 the snuff-box was treasured by his family, though it had no value in itself.

The poet's granddaughter Annie gave it to Mr. Thomas Alderslade, whose widow gave it to someone who has given it to the National Institute for the Blind, to be sold to help blind ex-Service men.

What better fate could a snuff-box desire? It has been a poet's companion, and has been treasured as if it were of gold set with diamonds, instead of a humble black box decorated with horn and ivory. Many beautiful snuff-boxes were made with jewelled or enamelled lids, but none of them has been cherished like this one.

A GREAT WEEK-END

The Child Workers of U.S.A.

It is not generally known here that in America, where each of the 48 States possesses under the constitution a considerable measure of self-government in domestic affairs, very different conditions obtain between State and State in labour matters.

Some States have labour laws which are at the high standard of the chief European countries, giving ample protection to those who work, and especially to women and children. In other States the local laws are far behind the general standard of Western civilisation.

We may therefore rejoice that at the end of January a National Child Labour Committee organised a week-end demonstration against the conditions prevailing for working children. On January 25, 26, and 27 churches, Sunday schools, synagogues, and other institutions held meetings on the subject. It was shown that more than a million American children under 16 work for wages, and that between 300,000 and 400,000 of these are under 14.

Every step is to be welcomed which draws civilisation together in these all-important matters.

POOR BLIND THING

A Living Creature Sees Three Centuries in MAURITIUS BEFORE THE FLAG

South Kensington Museum has begged from the Royal Artillery Barracks at Mauritius the body of one of the regimental pets.

It was a giant tortoise 150 years old, which used to carry two men about on its back, and had served as a target, as dents in the shell made by bullets plainly tell. But that was in earlier days.

It belonged to a species known as Marion's tortoises. Several were brought to Mauritius in 1766, probably from the Seychelles, and, although most of them were killed for food, a few survived as pets of the French officers garrisoned on the island. When it was ceded to Britain in 1810 English officers took over the pets as well as the duties of the Frenchmen they replaced.

This tortoise lived on, pampered and admired, till in 1918 it met its death by tumbling down a well. It had become quite blind.

The officers of the Royal Artillery had it stuffed, and kept it at the barracks till the Trustees of the British Museum told them that only two other stuffed specimens of Marion's tortoise exist and said that South Kensington wanted one badly. So the soldiers decided to be generous, and they sent their pet's body to London.

South Kensington is taking a cast of the tortoise, and it will be sent to the barracks as a memorial.

THE LITTLE FLOWERS GO CREEPING UP

Toward the Roof of the World

Up they go the little flowers, led by the rhododendrons, till they nearly scale the Roof of the World.

That is the tale which Captain Kingdon Ward brings back from the North-West Frontier of India, between Assam and Tibet, where he and Mr. Clutterbuck, the Arctic explorer, pursue their trade of plant-finding.

It is really flowers that they seek, the newer the better, but the well-known ones offered them some lovely sights. In the springtime the heights are radiant with rhododendrons.

They begin at the base of the hills in April, and flower ever higher and higher till July, when they reach 10,000 feet.

Not rhododendrons alone, but sky-blue Tibetan poppies bloom in masses on the heights, like bits of the sky blown down, as someone once said of our English bluebells in spring. The flower-seekers found new blooms, one of a giant sorrel with leaves like rhubarb and a pillar of fluffy cream flowers with a scarlet heart.

That may perhaps be seen beside an English pond when we go to the Chelsea Flower Show in May.

A MAN ALONE ACROSS THE EARTH

Another lone flyer has flown from England to Australia.

When Mr. F. C. Chichester, the successful airman, left Croydon almost secretly in December he had only three months' flying experience, yet he set out to beat Mr. Hinkler's record of 15 days for the flight to Australia. Unfortunately on the second day he landed on soft ground in Tripoli and badly damaged his Moth aeroplane, so that all thought of establishing a record was abandoned. When the machine was repaired, however, Mr. Chichester set out once more and, flying by regular long stages, quickly reached Port Darwin in North Australia. From there he forged ahead through very bad weather, and reached Sydney.

A WALK ON THE TOP OF AN AIRSHIP

R 100 in a Fog

LOST TO SIGHT BUT IN TOUCH WITH LAND

Hundreds of thousands of people must have heard R 100 on her two-days trial flight, but comparatively few saw her as she passed overhead. For over 53 hours the airship was cruising above England and the sea, and for much of that time the Earth was blotted out by thick fog.

Thus the 56 people on board the vessel were living in a little world of their own, yet all the time during that 3000-mile flight, equal to a journey from England to Egypt, they were in wireless touch with land. Wireless signals from land stations gave the airship its exact position.

Watching the Vessel's Behaviour

Among the passengers were members of the designing staff of the Airship Guarantee Company, and they were engaged in watching how the vessel behaved. Sir Dennistoun Burney, the managing director of the company, wishing to satisfy himself as to the behaviour of the fabric covering of the vessel under the trying conditions of fog and rain, left the warmth and comfort of the ship while at 5000 feet and climbed on to the cat-walk which runs along the top of the ship, outside. Crawling along this exposed position, with the vessel travelling at high speed, Sir Dennistoun was able to make his inspection. It must surely have been one of the most perilous walks a man could take anywhere on or under or above the world.

The trials have revealed that R 100 is very much faster than her sister ship R 101, but this was only to be expected, as R 101's heavy-oil engines are really experimental.

Picture on page 7

TWO THINGS ABOUT LORD ESHER

By a Correspondent

Much has been written about the late Lord Esher. For ourselves, we remember two things specially about him.

Two sayings that occur in a privately-printed Journal of his, written when he was quite a young man:

No English village obeys a foreign king. The narrowest place is wide to the narrow-minded.

Also his kindness in supplying his Eton tutor with books when William Johnson grew old and could not afford to buy many. Although Lord Esher was an exceedingly busy man, he never forgot; and parcels carefully chosen made their way to Hampstead to brighten his master's old age.

"It was the only return I could make (Lord Esher once modestly wrote) for all the trouble he had taken with me for twenty years." But how many of us remember like that?

THINGS SAID

There is no fun like work.

Mr. Selfridge

The way to keep well is to keep busy.

Dr. Estelle Cole

Nearly every writer is sillier than his best readers.

Mr. Richard Aldington

Armaments certainly will not be used again in our time.

Sir Oliver Lodge

Every true musician welcomes what is called canned music.

Sir Richard Terry

There is no hope in life of getting Australia to allow the goods of every part of the Empire to enter free.

Mr. Scullin

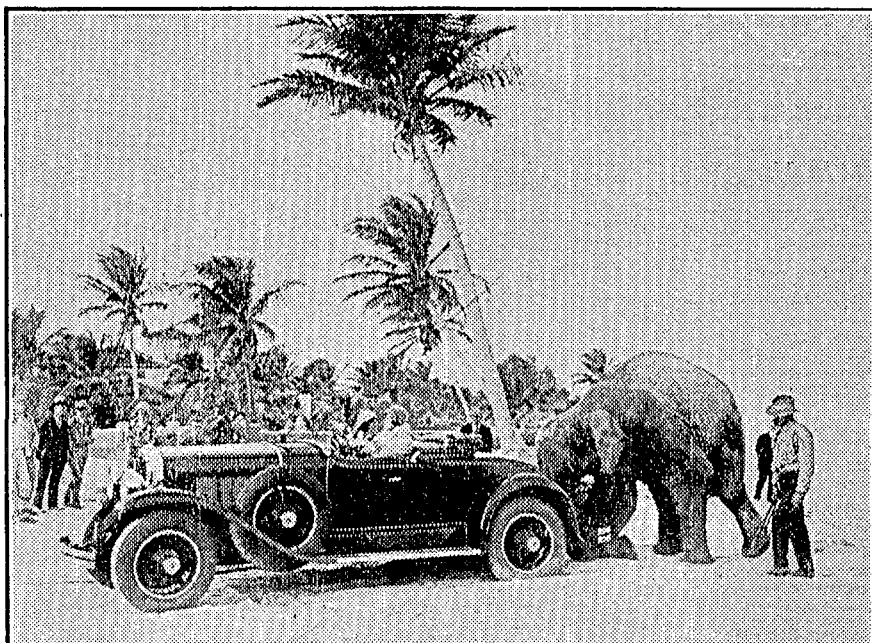
Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.

Jesus

YOUNG AIRMEN • SHIP'S NEW COAT OF PAINT • THE CAPTIVE KING



Young Airmen—A Bournemouth chauffeur has started a Young Airmen's League, the members of which are here seen at work on an aeroplane given to them by the Air Ministry. The boys do not fly but they learn to assemble and repair planes and engines.



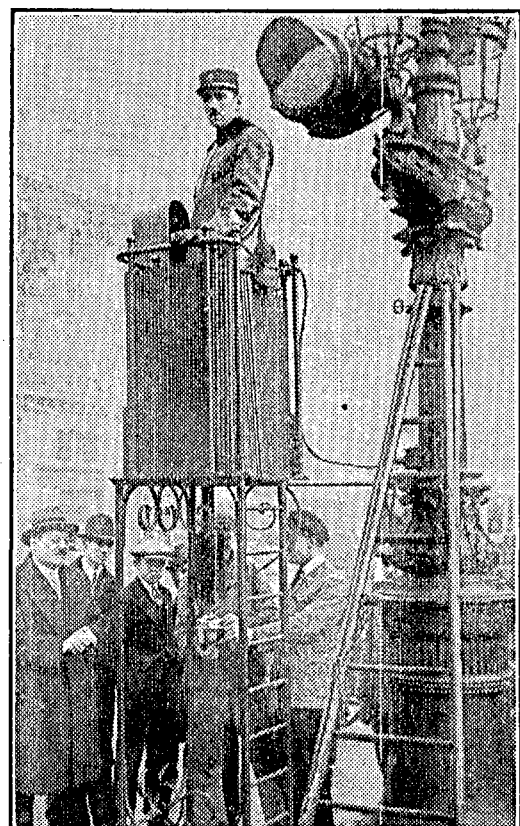
Jumbo to the Rescue—This car at Miami, on the Florida coast, became stuck in the soft sand on the beach, and was unable to move until an elephant from a circus that happened to be in the town had pushed it on to firmer ground.



Making Wedgwood Ware—Preparations are being made at Stoke-on-Trent to celebrate the two-hundredth anniversary of Josiah Wedgwood's birth. Here we see vases being placed in a kiln at Wedgwood's pottery, which is still owned by his descendants.



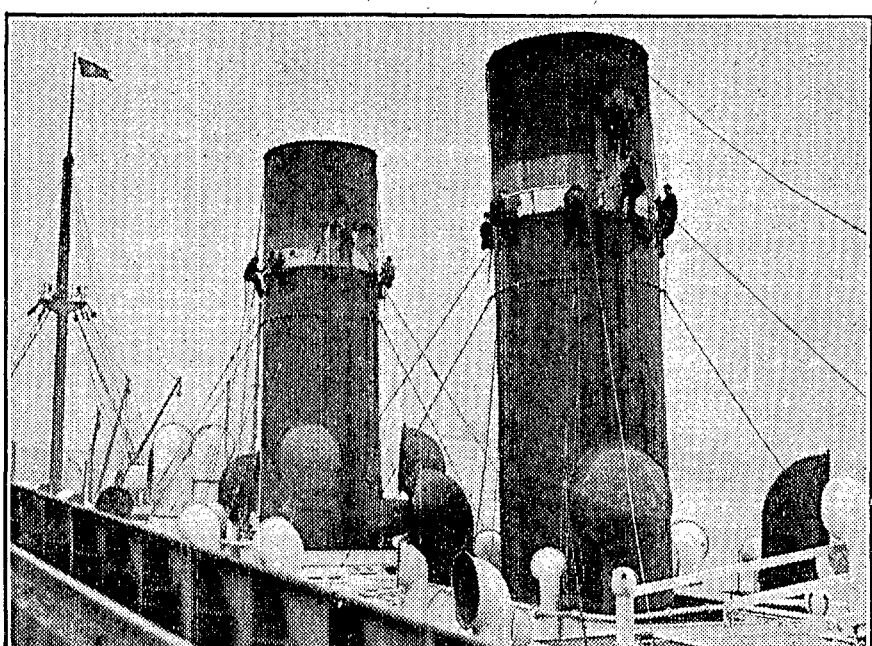
The Captive King—The majestic appearance of the lion has earned for him the title of the King of Beasts, although there are other animals more fierce and courageous. This picture from the London Zoo shows how he maintains his dignified bearing even behind iron bars.



Warmth for the Policeman—The Paris policemen who regulate the traffic from raised platforms were so exposed to the cold that it was necessary to warm the platforms. Here we see a gas-heater being placed in position for the policeman's comfort.



Private View Day—An exhibition of children's work is being held at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, London. Here are young artists inspecting their pictures on private view day.



Ship's New Coat of Paint—This picture shows the funnels of the Arabie being repainted at Liverpool. Formerly the German ship Berlin, she was taken over by the White Star Line.

PAPER FROM THE SKIES

What May Happen Some Day

MARVELS OF AERIAL AND VEGETABLE CELLULOSE

By an odd coincidence two famous men addressed two meetings the other night on one and the same thing.

Sir William Bragg gave members of the Royal Institution a fascinating talk on secrets of cellulose revealed by X-rays; Dr. Herbert Levinstein, President of the Society of Chemical Industry, showed members of his association how, some future day, we may take cellulose from the air and turn it into newspapers.

Cellulose is the molecular combination occurring in vegetable growth. Sir William Bragg could not but be struck by Nature's widespread application of this substance for the building-up of grasses, plants, shrubs, and trees, and its entry into the composition of animals.

All fibre consists of cellulose, but whether the cellulose comes from a tree, from a grass, or from an animal, it is the same substance. It is composed, with its atoms of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, in part of masses of small crystals, and is built up in Nature as man builds up twine and rope.

A Master Material

If we think of the wide range of cellulose in the vegetable and animal kingdoms we are impressed by the wonders of one of Nature's master materials. When we realise that it is in the air, that we are breathing it, taking it into our blood and building it into our systems day and night, the marvel seems greater still.

Such is the case as Dr. Levinstein has been explaining. As we derive nitrogen from the air for fertilisers, explosives, and so on, so illimitable supplies of cellulose will be forthcoming from the atmosphere. Sugar and cellulose come from the same chemical units, and sugar has already been built up in a laboratory from the carbon dioxide in the atmosphere and the water vapour present everywhere.

Cellulose is the raw material from which paper, artificial silk, and many other substances are made. Some day somebody will spin paper from the air, and C.N. readers will have their C.N. from the skies.

SCRATCHES ON A ROMAN WALL

Boys Were Ever the Same

On the foundations of some Roman houses built in the second century some of the early Christians built one of their first churches, that of St. Sebastian in the famous Appian Way along which Paul walked to Rome.

It has now been excavated, and many interesting discoveries have rewarded the excavators. One of the more curious relics is the obituary of an actor, a very well-graced person in that day, who took parts of old men and women, and of whom his memorial tablet says that he was so fond of acting that it was a wonder he did not die on the stage.

But odder than this is something that was scratched on the walls of a Roman house over which the church was built. It is a sketch, evidently done by children, of a fight between gladiators.

That is the sort of incident which appeals to boys of all times, Roman and Christian, and something like it is doubtless being scratched on walls today.

It is not a habit we can commend, but we cannot help feeling glad that those Roman children had it.

A RIDE ON A LION

Abdullah of Nairobi Has a Great Adventure

Abdullah of Nairobi, as far as is known, is the only man in Africa who has ridden astride a lion and lived to tell the tale.

Others will tell the tale by many a camp fire that is lit by night to scare the lions away, but the most grateful narrator will be Abdullah's employer, Major Mathews. He was out hunting near Kagera and Abdullah's feat saved his life.

The hunter had emptied both barrels of his rifle at a lion and lioness. The lion was brought down. The lioness, despite a wound, charged her assailant, carried him off his feet, and stood over him ready to finish him.

The brave headman Abdullah rushed to the disabled hunter's help and actually jumped astride the lioness, diverting her attention from Major Mathews, who rolled over to his rifle, which had been knocked out of his hand, rammed in a cartridge, and shot the lioness at close quarters.

The strangest thing about the combat is that Abdullah emerged from it without a scratch, though Major Mathews was badly mauled.

JACK-IN-OFFICE

The Sort of Things He Does

Captain Malbert has been in trouble, but the French Minister of Finance has come to his aid with a justifiably indignant telegram.

Captain Malbert was safe in Brest Harbour on a stormy January day when there was an S.O.S. call from sea. Immediately Captain Malbert and his men set forth in the storm to the rescue in the tug Irose.

They never thought of asking leave of the Customs officials. They never filled in any forms. They had the idea that human life is more important than red tape.

Some Jack-in-Office was incensed, and ordered a prosecution, with the result that Captain Malbert was ordered to pay a fine of 500 francs.

But he never paid it, for M. Chéron, Minister of Finance, telegraphed bidding the local authorities to cancel the fine. He also wished to know why Captain Malbert was prosecuted for a gallant deed. It seems that the Jack-in-Office will get a good scolding or soon be a Jack-out-of-Office. No doubt he is one of those who think nothing should be done without filling in a form.

Oddly enough, most people prefer to be rescued while they are still alive.

RAIN FALLS IN NEVER-NEVER LAND

In Alice Springs, chief town of the Never-Never Land of Australia, there were children who had never seen rain.

That was till a few weeks ago when the long drought which had burned up the Northern Territory gave way and rain descending in torrents swept the country to Queensland.

The River Finke, marked on the map but dried up for seven years past, began to run again. In its new-born exuberance it flooded the country for the first time since the Australians began to return from the war.

Those who went back to the Never-Never Land found their ranches perishing from the scarcity of water, and hard times have been their portion for long years while they waited for the rains and saw their cattle die.

That is all over now. The grass is springing, the scrublands will soon be carpeted with wild flowers, such as Australia produces in such astonishing variety and abundance; and the price which has to be paid for the flood in bridges swept away and railway embankments dislocated will be gladly met.

The Northern Territory blooms again!

C. L. N.

Twelve Thousand Standing For Peace

HAVE YOU JOINED?

We are all hoping that the Naval Conference will succeed in the great task before it. Every reader of the C.N. who wishes to show that he is on the side of these men of goodwill who are trying to promote peace and understanding between the nations can do so by joining the Children's League of Nations.

The present membership is twelve thousand, but we ought to have at least ten times that number. How many members have you secured?

Do not forget that all applications for membership must be accompanied not only by the address of the applicant, but by the name of the school, and sixpence. Boys and girls living abroad should send an international coupon for that amount.

The C.L.N. in Africa

We are glad to welcome this week quite a number of members from Nigeria and the Gold Coast. Joshua Akin Dekor writes from Nigeria: "I am an African boy living in the West Coast of Africa. I first thought the League belongs to the people of England to join; but when I read the message of Lord Cecil, he said that he hope every reader of the C.N. will become a member."

Charles G. Essilfie Kwao writes from the Gold Coast: "On seeing that many have joined the C.L.N., and are to be the Founders of the Great Peace that will cover the Earth, I envied them very much, and I would like to join you."

A reader writes from Johannesburg that he and his friends are starting to make picnics where they discuss how to bring more members to join the League. Another Johannesburg member writes that in one of the classrooms of his school is a card with a map of the world rather like our badges, and on it the words: "Join the League of Nations Union and help to make Peace."

The latest recruits also include one or two from British Columbia.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of Nations,
15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1
No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence for the Badge. Each letter should give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school. A card and badge will be sent to you.

PASSING IT ON

A Tale of Mark Guy Pearse

A ministerial friend reminds the C.N. of a personal story which Mark Guy Pearse used to tell. It is this:

Part of Mark Guy Pearse's journey home from school was by sea, and, having paid his fare, he thought it included a good meal on board. So he had one. But, farther out at sea, he fell ill, like many others. Before he was better the steward handed to him a bill for the meal he had had and lost, and he had not enough money left to pay for it.

"I shall have to keep your bag. What is your name?" said the steward.

As soon as the boy told him, the steward said: "Shake hands; I'll let you off!" Then he told how, years before, Mark's father had been kind to his mother.

When he reached home the boy told his father what had happened. "Yes," said his father, "I was kind to his mother, and he has passed it on to you; you can pass it on to somebody else."

Mark Guy Pearse did pass it on many times, and he often passed on the story with his kindness. We pass it on again.

WEEDING OUT THE SHIRKERS

A DIFFICULT PROBLEM

The Government Bill and the Trade Union Rules

HOUSE OF LORDS STEPS IN

One of the most difficult things about insuring the workers against unemployment has been to agree on a way of weeding out the shirkers.

Everybody sympathises with a man who wants work and cannot get it, and everybody agrees that he should be helped till he can find work. But nobody wants to help the shirker, and the question is: How is he to be singled out from the others?

What Trade Unions Require

The Government thinks the old law made it too difficult for the genuine worker to prove that he was not a shirker, and in its new Bill it is trying to make it the duty of the Labour Exchange to prove a man a shirker, instead of making it the duty of the worker to prove that he is not a shirker.

Some of the Government's critics have been suggesting that in this endeavour Labour is really trying to get what is called the Dole for shirkers, to which Labour replies indignantly that it detests shirkers as much as anyone else. Now a Government White Paper has been published which shows that this is true, for it gives the rules of a number of trade unions with unemployment funds of their own, showing how strict they are about it.

Union after union requires its members to make every endeavour possible to obtain employment; and provides that if they are shown not to be honestly doing so their unemployment payment shall be stopped.

Attitude of the Peers

The House of Lords, which has had the Bill before it, has been studying this White Paper, and at the suggestion of Lord Darling it substituted for the Government clause about shirking a new clause taken almost bodily from the rules of the National Union of Railwaymen. This provides that if the claimant "has refused, and refuses, without reason, to work when employment is found for him" or if he is "not endeavouring to obtain employment" he shall be disqualified for six weeks from receiving benefit.

The insistence of the House of Lords on this admirable trade union condition created a difficult situation, for it clashed with the Government Bill, and in the end the peers gave way. It is held by the supporters of the Government that what is fair in a trade union, with sympathetic officials, is not necessarily fair under the Government, where the great idea is to keep payments down.

The House of Lords, while giving way on the clause as to seeking work, insisted on a time-limit being inserted in the Bill.

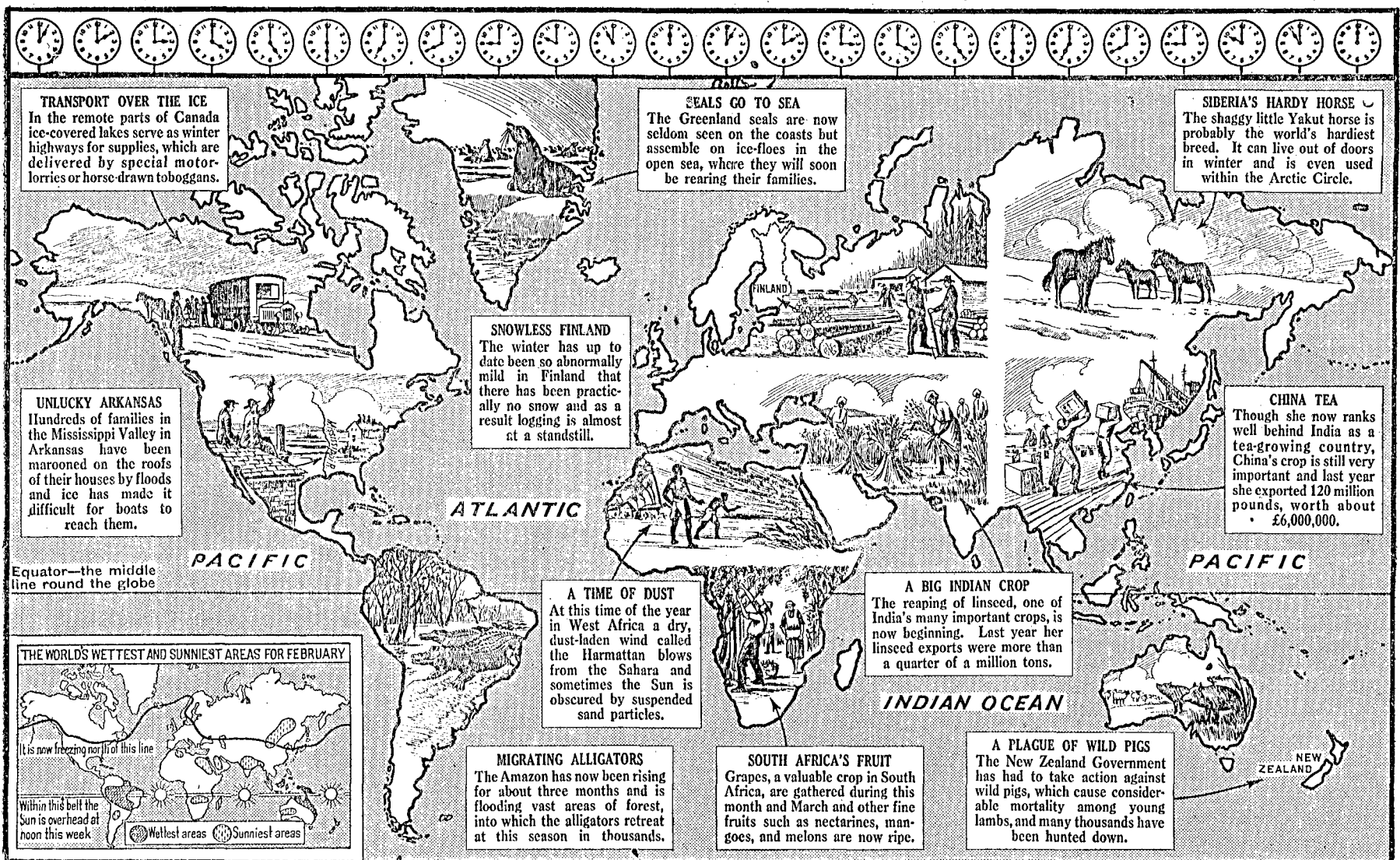
THE BARKS OF THREE MILLION DOGS

Although the number of dog licences has recently fallen, probably through bad trade and unemployment, we have it on official record that in the fiscal year 1928-29 (that is, the twelve months ended March 31, 1929, to which date the nation makes up its yearly accounts) there were 2,781,877 dog licences in England and Wales, and 171,141 in Scotland, a total of 2,953,018.

Five years ago the corresponding figure for Great Britain was 2,640,299, so that the country now keeps 300,000 more dogs than it did at that very recent time. As there are about nine million homes in the country, we see that about one home in three keeps a dog.

At 20 barks for each dog every day, we may suppose that not less than 22,000 million barks make the British welkin ring in twelve months!

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE WORLD LOSES A BENEFACTOR

Brailsford Robertson and His Work

The world is very much poorer by the death of Professor T. Brailsford Robertson at Adelaide, but while he lived he enriched it all that he could.

His work in science was largely that of nutrition of the body, and at the time of his death he was at the head of this Department of Research of the Australian Commonwealth. He was also a skilled bio-chemist (one who seeks the chemistry of living processes), and out of these inquiries came the gift he made to suffering humanity.

In the human body are several small (almost hidden) glands of which the purpose was little known till the twentieth century. One of these glands, the thyroid, is now well known, and its importance is everywhere recognised. Thyroid extract as a remedy is one of the triumphs of medicine.

Brailsford Robertson was the discoverer of another substance of almost equal importance. Attached to the under-surface of the brain is another gland, the pituitary body, which, by the substance it supplies to the body, governs the body's growth. The professor studied this first in California, under the famous Professor Loeb, and then in Toronto.

Out of these studies came his discovery of tethelin, akin to the gland's extract, and its uses to mankind have already been proved.

From all this most valuable work Brailsford Robertson gathered no profit. It was his lofty view that the profits of scientific discovery should go to endow further work, and this ideal he applied to his discovery of tethelin.

He was always the most generous of men. In him the Editor of the C.N. has lost an old and much appreciated friend across the world.

THE PYLONS ARE COMING

Make Them Beautiful

Through the length and breadth of England the seed of electricity has been sown. It will be vitalised by current at 132,000 volts.

Like steel shoots of this tremendous plant the pylons to carry the cables will soon be springing up out of the earth.

Tall towers of 50 feet they will march in ranks over hill and dale, by road and river, to countryside and town.

Some may dislike them, regarding these giants as intruders on rural peace, but others, seeing them blazing the trail to desolate and empty places, will have a kindly thought for them.

If the pylons are intruders, so in their day were trains, though artists have come to praise them because they impart life to a landscape.

The railway trains could not have been hidden underground, nor would it be practicable to bury the thousands of miles of cable the pylons will carry.

It would multiply the cost nearly twenty times to bury these pylons, and what we must do is to see that they are not made ugly. They will be the arteries of a new life blood spreading over the body of Britain.

PRIDE OF TORONTO

No Litter Louts

A reader of the C.N. who has recently spent a considerable period in Toronto, Canada's second city, thinks that in the matter of cleanliness the city offers a model to all the cities of the homeland.

There, she says, it seems as if the Litter Lout was almost absent. At the street corners are large receptacles with the words *Keep the City Clean* painted on them, and car tickets are always left on the cars in the boxes provided. The city is proud of its cleanliness.

Would that we could say the same of one-quarter of our English towns.

THE WAILING WALL

Trouble Springing From Neglect

The unhappy events in Palestine last summer showed clearly the need of a definite statement on the rights of Jews and Moslems with regard to the Wailing Wall.

A group of three people, appointed by the Council of the League of Nations, is now to make a careful study of the question and settle the rights and claims of the two creeds. Neither of the three is to be British, and at least one must be practised in dispensing justice.

It is sad to think that these unhappy events might have been prevented if a certain article of the Mandate for Palestine had been put into effect in 1922, as suggested to the Council by the British delegate. This article stipulates that a special Commission should be appointed to study, define, and determine the rights and claims in connection with the Holy Places.

Now once again the British delegate has persuaded the Council, if it cannot put the whole article in effect, at least to appoint a small commission to settle the conflict about the Wailing Wall.

THE O.C. IN S.A.

On the very day that the debate on the ratification of the Optional Clause took place in the House of Commons the clause was ratified by the House of Assembly of the Union of South Africa.

C.N. readers will remember that the various Dominions signed the clause at Geneva in September, each making certain exceptions which free them from being bound to place a legal dispute with Great Britain before the Court. The Irish Free State signed without any reservation at all, thus (as Mr. Henderson remarked) going one better than the rest of us, and not for the first time!

Pronunciations in This Paper

Kerguelen . . . Kerg-e-len
Krasnoyarsk . . . Krahs-nah-yarsk
Yenesai . . . Yen-e-say-e

WILL THE AERIAL GO?

And the Battery?

CHANGING FASHIONS IN WIRELESS

There are fashions in wireless, but the change is not usually so noticeable, as with clothes for instance.

The change that is taking place in wireless is plain and for all to see. It is something to be pleased about, for it means that many unsightly poles for aërials are coming down.

In some places, as in Ramsgate, this is due to the fact that subscribers are taking their wireless from a central receiving station, but it is chiefly due to improved valves such as the pentode and screen-grid which amplify signals to such an extent that it is possible to work the set with a short length of wire inside the house, or with a small frame aerial. Portable sets, too, are now very popular and these have their own tiny aërials hidden within their lids.

Another change taking place is in the elimination of batteries. People whose homes are wired for electricity are discovering that it is cheaper in the long run to take the current for their wireless sets from the house supply by making use of the metal rectifier. Not only is it cheaper, but the current is constant in strength and so the quality of reproduction is better.

MEMO MAPS

The use of blank maps on which to mark any places of geographical or other interest (as practised in the C.N.) has been interestingly adopted by Thomas Murby & Co., 1, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4, the educational publishers.

They are issuing, for schools and others, blank outline maps of the World and the British Isles in postcard size, suitable for recording, locally, facts of geography, geology, history, or natural history. It is a good idea with many practical uses.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 15 1930

The Most Powerful Man in the World

WE like Sir John Reith, and we like his B.B.C. We think we are going to like both of them even better, for Sir John has made a great discovery. He has discovered the mistake of giving the public what it wants.

It will be a great day when the editors of newspapers with mighty circulations are as wise as Sir John Reith. To give the public what it wants is to keep the public satisfied with what it is.

If we understand Sir John rightly, he is in favour of the C.N.'s policy of giving the public what it ought to want. If Sir John will follow it he may satisfy his noblest dreams, for a head of the B.B.C. who would give the public what it ought to want would make himself perhaps the most powerful man in the world.

Whether we like it or not, the B.B.C. has become the most powerful single instrument in the nation. It will be a long time before we forgive it for making us end up last year with jazz, but we are its slaves, and often we cannot help ourselves.

Civilisation has waited a thousand years for such a power as this and today Sir John Reith has it in his hand. There are things the public wants simply because it knows no better. There are millions who want silly things. There are those who would have us believe that the majestic poetry of Wordsworth or Keats, or of our own living William Watson, is nothing, and that the twaddle of Steins and Sitwells is the stuff to give us. There are publishers who publish unclean books, and publics that will borrow them. There are men with the muck rake everywhere. There are jazzers in music, quacks in art, and freaks and shams on every hand. They fill the papers and think themselves great people, and the public lends them its eyes and ears. The B.B.C. should sit above it all and refuse to be deceived. Its microphone has grown out of the great strivings and achievements of mankind; it should not be allowed to become the mouth-piece of ravings and inanities.

We look forward with delight to the policy of the B.B.C. giving the public what is good for the public. It will help to make life sweeter. It will spread knowledge and the love of beautiful things. It will not scorn to be amusing and to entertain us; but it will draw the line where the line should be drawn, remembering that liberty is not licence, and that an English home is still a fair and pleasant place.

Good it is to feel that the Microphone is in safe hands. More power to it. Long may it be the splendid master of a happy, busy, decent world. A.M.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Pray Silence for the Telephone

WHEN the telephone rings with a wrong call, when the telephone operator gives a wrong number—do not complain.

The Post Office has so much to do.

It has eight million miles of wires, and most of them are underground.

There are a million miles (or rather more) in the air, and seven million miles (or rather less) beneath your feet.

What wonder if some bits of the wire sometimes get mixed?

The Jay

IT is interesting to see that the responsibility of the Jay Walker (the person who sprawls across the Strand as if he were walking across a desert) has been raised in the courts.

Every motorist knows that careless walkers are as much the terror of the roads as careless drivers. There was one in the Mall the other day. He stepped off the kerb as if he had neither eyes nor ears, and the motorist was just able, happily, to avoid running him down. The car passed by, and the man then did *precisely the same thing again*.

It seems a libel to call him a Jay, for, after all, the jay is an intelligent bird, quite able to take care of itself.

To a Friend

Friend, when you stray
Or sit and take your ease
On moor, or fell,
Or under spreading trees,
Pray leave no traces
Of your wayside meal:
No paper bag,
No scattered orange peel,
No daily journal,
Littered on the grass,
Lest others view these
With distaste, and pass.
Let no one say,
And say it to your shame,
That all was beauty here
Until you came.

Six Good Things

TEACH me to be obedient to the rules of the game.

Teach me to distinguish between sentiment and sentimentality, admiring the one and despising the other.

Teach me neither to proffer nor to receive cheap praise.

If I am called upon to suffer, let me be like a well-bred beast that goes away to suffer in silence.

Teach me to win, if I may; if I may not win, then teach me to be a good loser.

Teach me neither to cry for the Moon nor over spilt milk.

Hanging on the walls of the King's library

The Standard

Were I so tall to reach the Pole
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man.

Isaac Watts

Trespassers Will Not Be Prosecuted

A CORRESPONDENT calls our attention to a rather sad abuse of printing in the very home of printing.

Caxton Street in Westminster is named after William Caxton, the first English printer, whose works were quite near this spot, and on a block of buildings known as Iddesleigh House is a notice at the entrance of a small passage saying *Trespassers will be prosecuted*.

It seems odd that such a fiction should remain in the very heart of London, almost in the very shadow of Parliament, on a block of buildings bearing the name of a famous statesman. Trespassers in this place, of course, will *not* be prosecuted.

Tip-Cat

A MAN in California has been complaining of being rung up from London while he is in his bath.

A DOCTOR says drinking water keeps you well. Particularly well water.

WHY do men not wear furs as women do? Perhaps they are sufficiently wrapped up in themselves.

THEY say the public gallery of the House of Commons is proving a serious rival to theatres and cinemas. Serious?

YOUTH calls to youth. Early callers.

A NEWSPAPER tells us that, meeting another comical man, Mr. Bernard Shaw crossed long legs in front of him. So much better than short legs behind him.

LAST week was rather successful with London traffic; quite a lot of pedestrians managed to get across the street.

THE road to success is said to have few travellers. Those who get there usually make roads of their own.

A Prayer by Mrs. Hemans

O God, my Father and my Friend,
Ever Thy blessings to me send!
Let me have virtue for my guide,
And wisdom always at my side;
Thus cheerfully through life I'll go,
Nor ever feel the sting of woe:
Contented with the humblest lot,
Happy though in the meanest cot.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

MR. J. J. BARNARD, of Wythall, has forbidden the North Warwickshire Hunt to cross his land until the pack becomes a drag-hunt.

MEMBERS of a Northumberland family have served the Dukes of Portland for a hundred years.

Sleeping Time

THE pipes of Pan grow faint;
they sink
To but a whispered tune;
Yet still the sap is quick that makes
The living leaves of June.

SLEEP now is ruler of the woods
(Not death, that unreal king);

Deep in the earth is beating yet
The wild heart of the spring,

WHILE Nature to her children cries

"Now is my law made plain,
Take rest that you may be refreshed;
Sleep, that you wake again."

NOTHING is dead in all the world

Save husks and shells of things.
Brown snowdrop bulbs wait for
white sails

And little grubs for wings.

Mariorie Wilson

John and David

By Our Country Girl

THE first time I met John he advanced into our polished hall somewhat hampered by the garments known as overalls, or pull-ups, which made the lower half of this young gentleman of four look very like the hind legs of a pygmy elephant.

Partly because of the overalls, and partly because of the floor polish, his feet suddenly shot up in the air and John sat down with a most tremendous thump.

He turned poppy red.

"Now he is going to cry," thought I. But I did not know John.

Looking at me hard he said: "Wasn't that funny?"

Then of course I knew that John is made of the same stuff as Wolfe and Nelson, and I have since cultivated his friendship in a thoroughly respectful spirit.

A Lucky Boy

He spends most of his day playing in the garden, which no doubt accounts for his ruddy cheeks and stout limbs. It also accounts for many lost toys. Woolly bears and tin trains have a way of hiding themselves in the shrubs, to be found weeks later mildewed or rusty.

When John's Baby Brother arrived the other day John said:

"Oh, he hasn't got any teeth! I hope they aren't lost in the gardening."

He was assured on that point. Then, going to his mother, he asked in a low voice:

"Why is he crying?"

"He has a pain," Mother replied.

John went to the cradle and, leaning over it, said kindly:

"Be brave, David. Try to be brave."

David is a lucky boy. He has just the right sort of big brother. Here are a pair of fine citizens in the bud. Shall we let them die in the next war, or shall we have no more war, and use John and David somewhere in this great British Commonwealth of ours?

ANOTHER BIG STEP FORWARD THE FAMOUS OPTIONAL CLAUSE

British Government's Influence Felt More and More at Geneva

1924 AND 1930

First the Covenant, then the Peace Pact, now the Optional Clause. This has been ratified in the House of Commons, as the Government promised it should be.

"We are convinced," said Mr. Henderson in the House of Commons, "that the acceptance of the Optional Clause will prove a powerful means of reducing the risks of war."

He explained that it is the logical consequence of our acceptance of the Peace Pact a year ago. That Pact not only condemns war for the settlement of disputes but denounces it as an instrument of national policy. We have no longer the right to use the threat of war, either in word or action, to compel another country to do as we wish; we may not, if we are true to our pledge, force our national policy on another nation by the strength of our armaments.

Making the Peace Pact Effective

That was the way of the nineteenth century, and we live in the twentieth. But the Pact makes no mention of machinery to be put in the place of war, and Mr. Henderson was right when he went on to say:

"Having ruled out war as a method of settlement, surely it is only common sense that we do everything in our power to put something in its place. We must have the necessary machinery. For our part we consider that loyal adherence to the spirit and purpose of the Optional Clause is a most important element of the necessary machinery."

We are indeed fortunate to have a Government which regards the production of a practical, reasonable, and comprehensive plan of settling disputes by peaceful means as one of the most urgent tasks of statesmanship.

Too long (declared Mr. Henderson) has the futile instrument of war as a means of settling disputes been regarded as an inevitable and inescapable condition of international life. Too long has an immense proportion of the wealth won by human effort and the best brains of each generation been devoted to the means for making war. The foreign policy of the Government is influenced by the conception that world peace cannot be guaranteed by competitive armaments, that modern war, which must become increasing brutal, cannot be localised, and that civilisation can only be delivered from such warfare by the spirit of conciliation, cooperation, and justice. We must do everything in our power to encourage the peoples everywhere to regard war as a crime; we must do all in our power to influence the peoples to place reliance not on force but on the moral solidarity of nations and on the expanding authority of international law.

On the Side of 1930

The speech of Sir Herbert Samuel, the Liberal leader, was also eloquent. The debate seemed to him, he said, with the late Government on one side and the new Government on the other, like a debate between two centuries, between 1830 and 1930, and the Liberal Party, he declared, was with the Government on the side of 1930.

As to the suggestion that the Optional Clause should not be signed without conditions as to blockading in future wars Sir Herbert Samuel had this very striking thing to say:

We are on the eve of the invention of an aeroplane which will be able not merely to pass to and fro at a high speed but to hover.

Such an aeroplane could destroy merchant ships with the same certainty that a hawk can destroy a sparrow in the open field. In

ST. GEORGE AFRAID OF THE DRAGON

THE Royal Society of Saint George of England has had its annual banquet in London. The baron of beef was borne round the room to the sound of drums and trumpets.

No reader of the C.N. will disagree with Sir Henry Page Croft, M.P., who declared that he was filled with disgust when he read the war books now being turned out like sausages by neurotic writers who saw only the filthy side of life and were blind to the sublime cheerfulness and the almost Divine courage of the men who won the war.

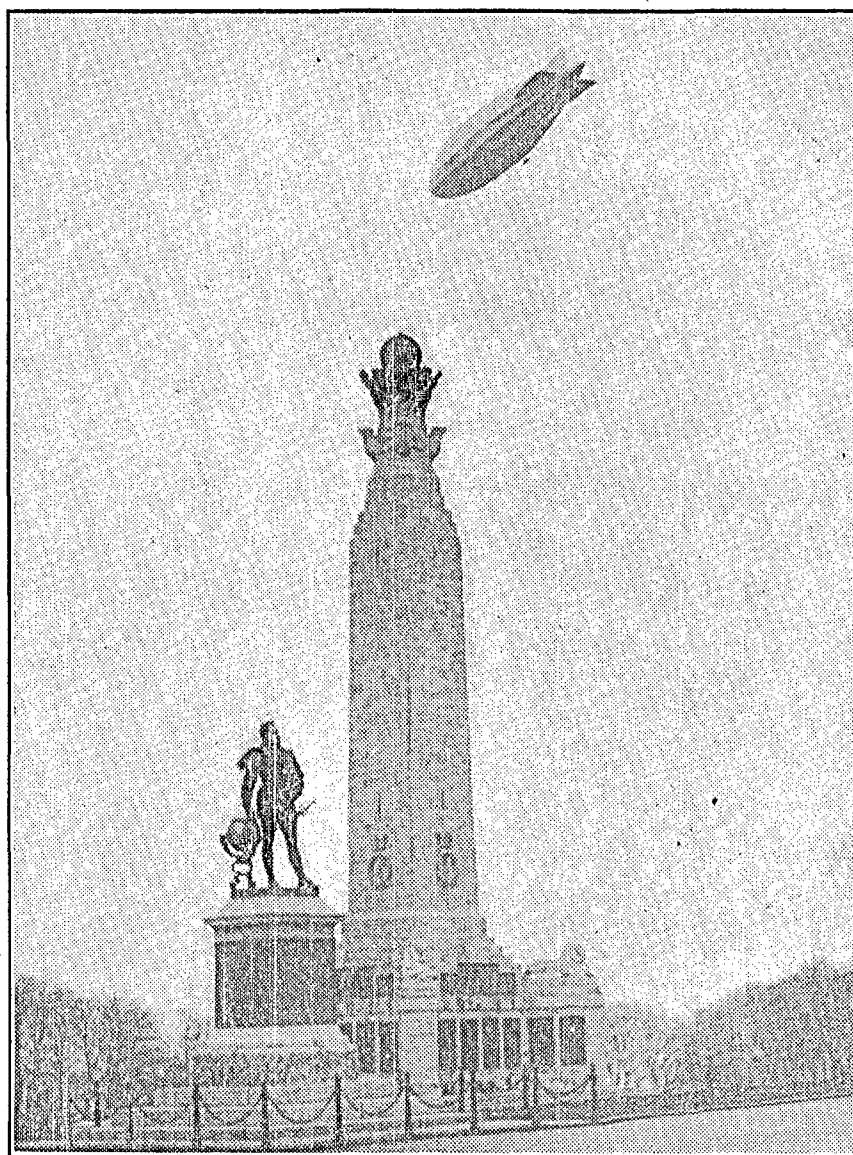
But the C.N. feels constrained to invite Mr. Justice Eve to the Bar of Public Opinion for some of the things he was moved to say. Evidently having

the Naval Conference in mind, Mr. Justice Eve felt inclined to ask:

What is there to justify the belief that human nature and human hearts have been so changed by a few conversations at Geneva, or a mass of gratuitous and disinterested advice from across the Atlantic, as to warrant us in stripping ourselves of the possessions, the strong position, for which we have fought and bled, and from which our enemies in Europe and our envious friends elsewhere seem so frightfully anxious to deprive us?

It seems worth while to ask our modern Saint Georges if they are still afraid of the dragon of mistrust and fear which a million of our brave men have given their lives to conquer, and which lies at last at our feet, all but dead.

PLYMOUTH HOE SEES SOMETHING NEW



Plymouth Hoe has seen many stirring sights, but Sir Francis Drake, standing there in bronze today as he stood alive so long ago, can never have dreamed that it would see a sight like this, with a bigger ship sailing overhead than Drake ever imagined sailing on the sea.

Continued from the previous column
this country the one thing that is absolutely vital to us is our own food supply and the supply of raw materials, and in any future war we are just as likely to be blockaded as to be the blockaders.

Sir Herbert Samuel also quoted this remarkable paragraph from a Swiss paper which follows the League of Nations very closely, the Journal de Genève:

Why has the signing the Optional Clause, which was folly in 1924, become wisdom in 1930? It can hardly be doubted that the explanation is in the attitude of England, for it is the obstruction of England that explains the period of stagnation of the League, and it is the impetus just given to it by Mr. MacDonald that explains the activity which rejoices us all today.

This spectacle should make the English realise the enormous responsibility which rests on them

in international affairs. If they hold back, the League holds back; if they advance, the League advances.

That is a wonderful tribute to the influence of the British Government in the shaping of a new era of peace and goodwill among men, a work now proceeding apace, we may all hope, at St. James's Palace.

BRITISH HELIUM

Helium gas, which is wanted in increasing quantities for filling airships, has hitherto come chiefly from the United States, where it is found in natural gas.

The Chemical Research Laboratory at Teddington has now discovered a means of extracting it from the monazite sands used in making incandescent gas mantles. The monazite, the source of thorium, occurs in abundance at Travancore in India.

FUTURE OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL

IRELAND'S CHALLENGE

What Will Happen to the Supreme Voice of the Empire?

A QUESTION OF QUESTIONS

Our British Commonwealth of Nations is always developing and changing and adapting itself to new conditions.

The greatest change of our time was when the Dominions were declared free and equal partners with Britain, joined only by their common allegiance to the Crown. Many alterations and adaptations in the machinery of government have had to be made to bring it into harmony with this great declaration. A representative committee of experts is considering further changes, and one of the most difficult matters before it is the future of what is known as the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

Britain's Restless Daughters

C.N. readers have often heard of the remarkable cases, from all parts of the Empire, which come up for decision on appeal by this body of Britain's ablest and most experienced judges. But the Dominions are beginning to say that if they are independent there ought not to be any appeal by their own citizens from their own highest courts of law to a court in a sister member of the Commonwealth, even though that sister be in reality the venerable mother of them all!

It is natural that the Irish Free State, whose history makes it perhaps least conscious of daughterhood, should take the lead in this matter; but other Dominions have their views, though more discreetly expressed. The Free State Vice-President has now actually declared that no future appeals to the Privy Council will be recognised, and that if any Irish citizen secures from it a verdict over the head of the Supreme Court in Ireland a way will be found, by legislation, to nullify the decision. For Ireland, he says, the Judicial Committee is already dead and it only remains for the British Government to "give it a decent burial" by repealing the article about it in the Free State Constitution.

A New Court of Appeal

It is clear that, quite apart from the special position of Ireland, it is impracticable that citizens of independent Dominions should be able to go on indefinitely appealing to an outside court from their own supreme courts if the Dominions do not wish it. On the other hand, there are cases in which the Dominions themselves find it convenient that appeals should be allowed.

The whole Constitution of Canada, for instance, is built up on the agreement that when disputes arise as to what is the business of the Dominion Government and what is the business of the Provincial Governments the Privy Council shall decide between them. In India, too, it has been found convenient that an outside body should decide questions in which conflicting religious convictions are involved.

And what other court could have decided the dispute between Canada and Newfoundland over the boundaries of Labrador?

What is, perhaps, most likely to happen is the setting up of a new Imperial Court on which judges could sit representing the Dominions as well as the Mother Country. It would be an appeal court less for individual Dominion citizens than for disputing authorities within the Dominions, a kind of Hague Court within the Empire.

Railway Progress in Africa

The earnings of the Kenya and Uganda railways and harbours in 1928 were over £2,500,000, yielding a gross profit of over a million.

THE TREASURE OF HERCULANEUM A Kitchen Twenty Centuries Ago

Herculaneum, the pleasure city which shared with Pompeii the destruction rained on it by Vesuvius centuries ago, is slowly revealing the life the wealthy and powerful Romans led there.

It has not yet disclosed any of those treasures of sculpture or goldsmith's work which were predicted when the new excavations were begun, but it has brought before the eyes of the twentieth century one more house as it was when a man of the first century lived in it.

There has come to light a house all complete with terrace and balcony. There is a kitchen in it with pots and pans, a cross bar window, and a little niche in the wall with an oil lamp. It might be a house of Southern Italy of today except that, instead of the image of a saint in the shrine, there is a head of a Roman god.

There are other houses yet to be unearthed. One which is partially reconstructed is two-storeyed, and the lava stream which flowed over it 2000 years ago has left one wall intact and covered inside with frescoes that might almost have been painted yesterday.

A GIGANTIC TOY FOR AMERICA

Girls and boys from all over America will come out to play when Chicago's Century of Progress Exhibition is opened.

Grown-ups, too, will make holiday if it is only to explore the marvellous \$100,000 relief model of the United States, which will be on a scale so vast that toy trains will be used to take visitors round it.

Near the shore of Lake Michigan a chain of islands made by man will form the eight-mile site of the exhibition. One foot to the mile will be the scale of the model of Uncle Sam's country, and a whole island, 3000 feet long and 1500 feet wide, will be used for it.

Glaciers, geysers, volcanoes, waterfalls will be reproduced. The Great Lakes will be of real water, and every river will flow. Inside the Sierras and the Rockies there will be rooms in which the geological structure of the mountains and the working of the mines can be studied.

A RICH MAN'S MONUMENT

Long after Maurice Falk, one of the great metal millionaires of Pittsburg, the steel city of America, is dead, Pittsburg will remember him.

It will also remember his wife, for it is in her memory that Mr. Falk, still living, has founded a fund of £2,000,000, every cent of which, capital and interest too, is to be spent on schools, or hospitals, or religious and other charitable works in such a way that it must all have gone before the year 1905.

At that date Pittsburg may be keeping the Falk centenary dating from the benefactor's birth, but his memory will long outlast that date.

SWAZILAND AND ITS CATTLE

Swaziland, South Africa, has decided to specialise in improving its breed of cattle. At present the cattle on the grassy plains are not of a quality likely to compete with the beef of lands where selective breeding has been studied. The climate and pasturage of Swaziland, it is contended, fit it for competition with Argentina and other notable cattle regions.

HIS FIRST REWARD The Parson Who Gave War a Lift

Near the Jewel House in the Tower of London has been unveiled a tablet to the memory of the Rev. Alexander James Forsyth, who invented the first percussion lock for firearms.

This is the first reward the reverend inventor has received from his country, and though we may deplore England's forgetfulness we must remember sadly that if the percussion lock had not replaced the old flint lock fewer people would have been killed. His invention was the ancestor of all modern firearms.

In 1807, when he invented it, and the Napoleon wars were not yet ended, he received the assistance of his friend James Watt. Watt gave the world power over steam. Forsyth's invention gave it new power to make war.

THE CONCERTINA IS 100

It is just a hundred years since the concertina was invented, and it is curious to think that this very English musical instrument was invented by one of our greatest electrical engineers.

Every boy learning electricity at school has to grapple sooner or later with what is known as Wheatstone's Bridge, an electrical arrangement just as puzzling and as trying as the Asses Bridge in Euclid. Sir Charles Wheatstone invented his famous bridge, used today by tens of thousands of electrical engineers the world over, in connection with measurements of electrical resistance. He was an eminent telegraph engineer, and did much to pave the way to the wonderful system of sending telegrams which has made modern life so different and has killed distance.

Sir Charles, however, was also the inventor of the concertina, which must have given pleasure to thousands. It is only his great fame as a telegraph engineer that has led to his other invention being forgotten.

TWO MILLION VOLTS

Not long ago the C.N. told of the new testing plant with which electricity of a million-volt pressure could be experimented.

A few days ago a new laboratory was opened at Dresden where two million volts can be tried. Whether electricity at this tremendous voltage can ever be used commercially cannot be foretold, but it must be remembered that Dr. De Ferranti, who has just died, was heartily laughed at when he first talked about sending electric currents of ten thousand volts through cables.

Currents of many times this voltage are now sent every day through wires in big agricultural districts, and it may be that in the future these million and two-million volt currents will also come into daily use.

A MEXICAN MOVE FORWARD

Mexico evidently finds it inconvenient to be outside the League of Nations and not to know exactly what it is constantly doing.

Accordingly the Mexican Government has appointed an observer to stay in Geneva and follow the League's work, a step which we may hope brings Mexico nearer to membership. This observer made his first appearance at a recent session of the Council.

THE UNKNOWN WARRIORS

One Unknown Warrior sleeps in the Abbey. In all there are 330,755 unknowns among the 1,089,919 British soldiers killed in the war.

British war dead have graves in 110 countries in the five continents. The number of British graves maintained in France and Belgium last year was 554,693. Last year 2341 bodies were discovered and removed to graves by the Imperial War Graves Commission.

MORE OF US And What We Owe

Sometimes the British Isles seem to us to be rather crowded. They carry now some 45,625,000 people. That is nearly half a million more than before the war. In 1911 there were only 45,220,000.

If the people stand thicker on the ground the burden of debt, so tremendously increased by the war, is at last beginning to lighten. Two years after the war the 45 millions owed about £160 each of the National Debt.

The Debt stood in 1921 at £7,676,250,000. Last year it had fallen by some 80 million pounds to £7,595,508,000. But there is plenty to work off—in many years of Peace.

THREE MILES FROM A PLAYGROUND

The C.N. likes to chronicle only happy things, but there is good reason to tell the tragic tale of three boys who were killed the other day when playing with an empty petrol drum.

A policeman told the coroner that children often went into the yard where the drums were stored, but when he tried to warn them of the danger they ran away and he could not catch them.

He added that the nearest playground was three miles away.

Play centres and playing-fields mean more to slum children and slum parents than people with gardens can guess. They mean not only the difference between dreariness and fun, slackness and fitness, but sometimes the difference between death and life.

WHY THE BRITISH MUSEUM IS WHERE IT IS

It is interesting to recall, in connection with the discussion as to the future of the British Museum, that but for the hesitation of the Government of the day in spending twenty thousand pounds the British Museum might now be standing where Buckingham Palace stands.

When Montague House was acquired for the Museum in 1754, the Government was offered Buckingham House instead, but Buckingham House was £20,000 more, and so the site was lost.

Buckingham House became the home of the King, and the British Museum stands where it does in Bloomsbury.

FORTY-FIVE MINUTES

One of our contributors, greatly daring, has ventured to suggest in the columns of The Times that a stand should be made against the rush of modern life.

She wants people to band together under the name The Three-Quarters-of-an-Hour Group.

Members are to promise to do their best to give at least forty-five minutes a day to rest, meditation, good reading, or sleep, in the hope of obtaining a serene attitude to the worries and trials that do so easily beset us.

DANGER IN THEATRES

The question of very long rows of seats without breaks is being raised in the discussion concerning safe theatres and cinemas.

Happily the new theatres are well equipped in this respect, but there are still theatres in London where the Dress Circle audience is imprisoned with hardly room to move, and in at least one of these theatres, if we remember rightly, there is no centre passage for the whole length of the Dress Circle.

THE DIAMOND TRADE

The centuries-old trade of Antwerp appears to be seriously challenged by the new diamond-cutting industry of Johannesburg. South African stones are now being withheld from export to Antwerp, and the outcome is expected to be treaty negotiations between Belgium and South Africa.

THE MOUSE ON THE MAP Wee Beasties Beware

A new distinction has been conferred on the mouse. The wee, cowering, timorous beastie, as Robert Burns called it, has been put on the map.

The distinction may not be without its drawbacks. The zoologists want to know where in the British Isles mice most abound. When they learn that it may not be so pleasant for the mice.

The Oxford Department of Zoology sent out last year 800 question papers all round the country to farmers, gamekeepers, and agricultural colleges, seeking to find what quantity or probable numbers of mice, rats, squirrels, or rabbits were in their neighbourhood.

The results are to be put down on maps. Year by year the distribution of the rodents will change, and by comparing the maps the zoologists will be able to see the progress or movements of abounding plagues of these things.

HOW NOT TO CATCH THIEVES

The amazement felt in the British Isles at the ease with which letters can be stolen in transit is equalled in other lands. Natal has lately had an equally queer experience.

A mail bag containing £4200 in notes was stolen from a parcels room 12 miles from Durban. Detectives with trained dogs for tracing scents were on the spot in half an hour. But that was quite sufficient for the station attendant to have removed all chance of the dogs taking up the scent by carefully spraying the whole place with a powerful disinfectant. An attendant who gets on with his work is nearly always welcome, but in this case he can hardly have been welcomed by the detectives or the dogs.

A CAT'S PERFORMANCE

The C.N. has given from time to time accounts of the trouble cats will take to carry their kittens to places they regard as suitable for them. From Yorkshire comes another example.

A cat and kitten were put in a box in a garage adjoining the house, the door being left ajar. The mother cat did not approve of the change, and next morning both cat and kitten were missing.

Eventually the kitten was discovered snugly placed under the clothes on a bed in the top storey of the house. To get there the cat had jumped a wire netting fence a yard high, and then had leaped to a window ledge four feet from the ground before ascending two flights of stairs, one being very steep.

THE PRINT OF A FINGER

In the Book of Job are words which forecast the discovery made so many centuries later that the finger-prints of no two people in the world are alike. The words are in chapter 37:

He sealeth up the hand of every man, that all men may know His work.

The text was quoted by a Scotland Yard official at an inquest at Portsmouth on the body of a man whose name and business had been unknown till prints of his fingers were sent to the finger-print department in London.

There they were identified, and the man's name and dwelling were made known. In thirty years 300,000 persons have thus been traced.

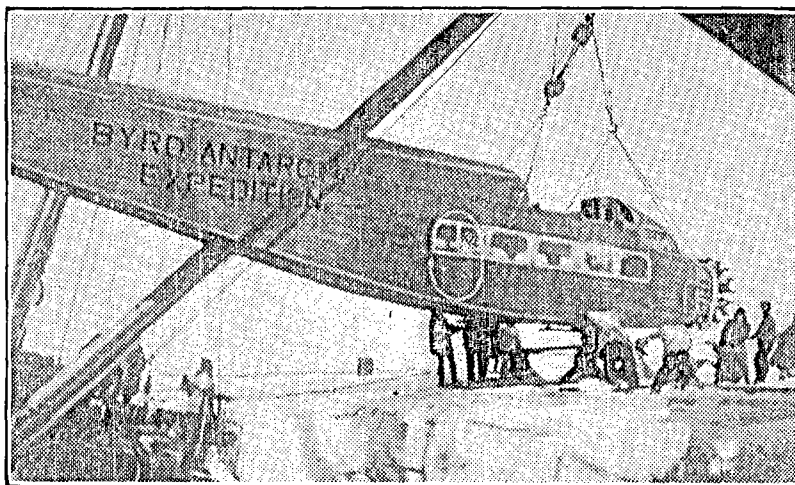
THE BRASS PLATE AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE

We note with much satisfaction that the Brass Plate at a front door of St. James's Palace, to which we called attention as an example of bad King's English, has been removed and put right, the first fruits of the *Story of Its* appearing in the C.N. the other day.

THE SEARCH FOR KNOWLEDGE IN THE GREAT ANTARCTIC CONTINENT



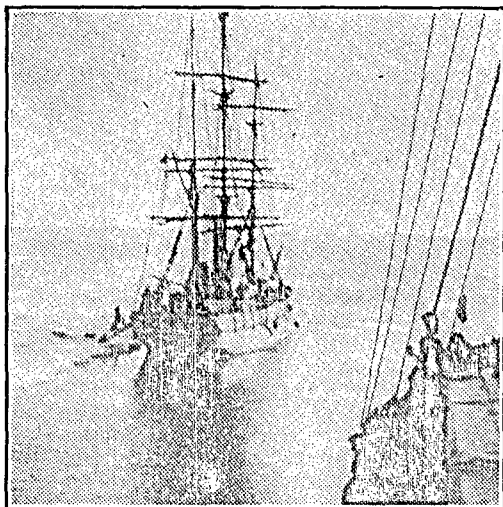
A petrel in its nest, seen during the voyage of the Discovery



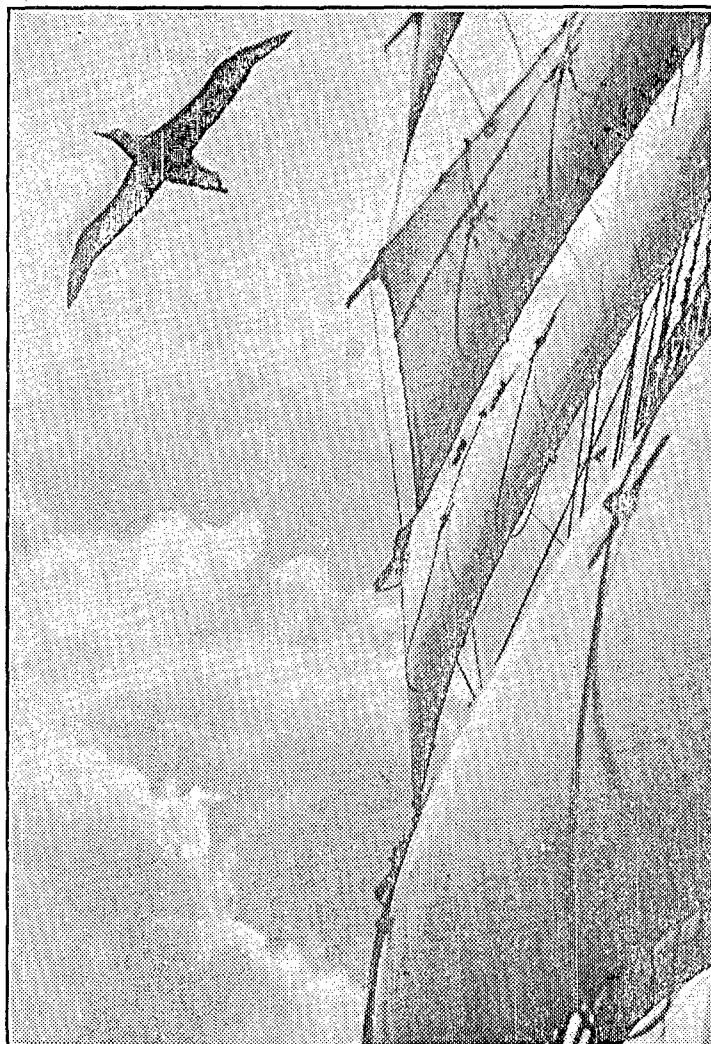
The fuselage of Admiral Byrd's aeroplane being landed



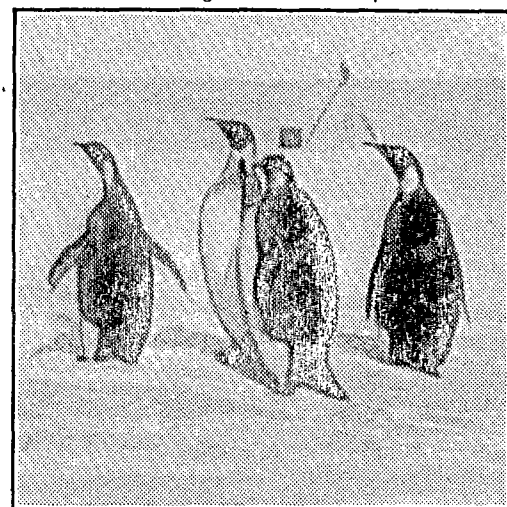
A sheathbill photographed by a member of Sir Douglas Mawson's expedition



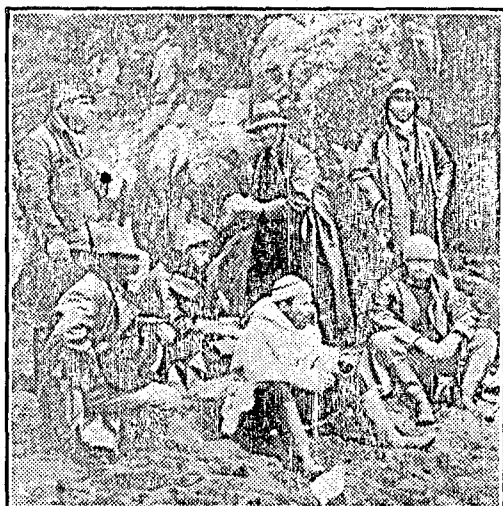
Admiral Byrd's ship 'The Great Ice Barrier'



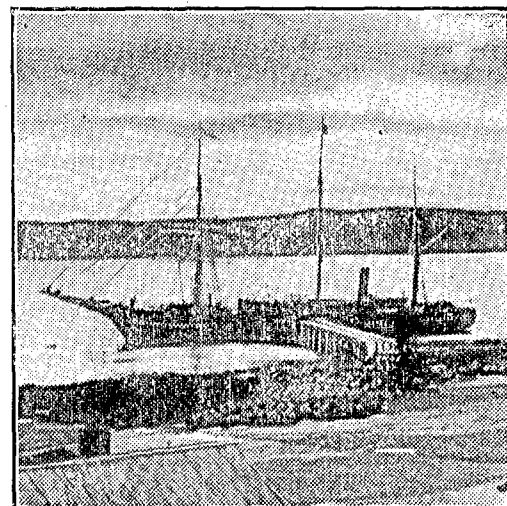
Southward Ho!—An albatross flying over the Discovery



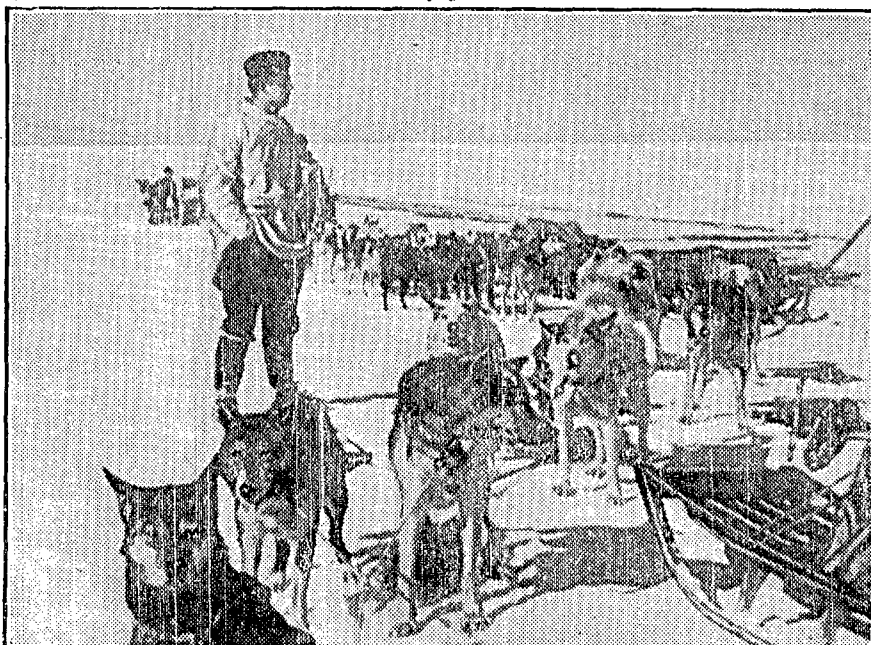
Penguins visiting the Byrd expedition



Members of the Discovery expedition taking a meal in the Crozet Islands on their outward voyage



The Discovery coaling at Kerguelen Island in the Indian Ocean



Admiral Byrd's dog-teams ready to set off with supplies of food



Dr. Ingram, of the Mawson party, with a young albatross captured in the Crozet Islands

Antarctica is now the scene of no fewer than four expeditions, scientists from the British Empire, the United States, and Norway probing the secrets of the great white continent. On this page we give a few pictures taken by two of the expeditions, the British Australian New Zealand expedition in the Discovery, commanded by Sir Douglas Mawson, and the American party led by Admiral Byrd, who flew over the South Pole.

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FRIGHTENING A LION

Tale From a Circus

MAN SAVED BY A NOISE

Little Emile Kretschmar of Pretoria will never forget the circus that came there. He is lucky to be alive to remember it.

In the circus grounds was a roofless cage in which were two lionesses, and Emile had no business to go anywhere near. But he did, and recklessly went right up to the bars.

A paw slid out, Emile stumbled, and the lioness clawed him close to the cage and thrust out another paw to maul him. She had been in an ill humour all the morning. The sight of little Kretschmar had made it worse.

The boy screamed, and a circus hand, Arthur Linden, rushed up. But he had no key with which to unlock the door of the cage and get in to the angry beast. He did not hesitate a moment, but leaped at the bars, climbed them, and jumped down into the cage. He dropped two feet from the angry lioness.

The Sjambok

The lioness let go the child and turned with a sullen growl at the new arrival, whom probably she recognised. Linden had no weapon, not even the iron bar with which the keepers sometimes provide themselves. But someone among the spectators who had instantly gathered threw into the cage a sjambok. Linden seized it and, instead of assailing the lioness, furiously beat the floor of the cage with the rhinoceros-hide whip.

The lioness, partly cowed, and still more astonished, backed away into a corner, followed by the other lioness, and Linden scrambled out by the way he had come. His only injury was a torn finger. The noise he made on the floor had saved him!

Poor little Emile had suffered far worse, but when we heard of him great hope was held out that he would recover.

SHALL THE LEAGUE LOOK INTO PRISONS?

By Our League Correspondent

Three times the Council of the League of Nations has been asked to consider some international methods for improving prisons, and the third time of asking has been successful.

It has consented to receive suggestions as to what aspects of the whole question may be usefully dealt with internationally through the League, and for this purpose has decided to consult such organisations as the International Prison Commission and the Howard League for Penal Reform, which has long been working along these lines.

A great deal is being done in some countries to improve prison conditions, but there are countries in Europe where conditions are deplorably unjust and the state of prisoners horrifying to civilised people.

Much improvement might be secured through international action inspired by the League; standards might be set below which countries would be ashamed to fall when the eyes of the world are turned upon them.

The International Prison Commission has lately drawn up a charter establishing a minimum standard of treatment for prisoners, and this would make a good beginning.

Nearly 180,000 books were borrowed from Dartford Library last year by 6800 people.

The introduction of mechanical music in the theatres and cinemas has put 6000 American musicians out of work.

How to Sell Books

As a result of an exhibition of 800 children's books a Manchester bookseller has sold four complete sets of the entire collection shown.

A LIFE OF THE WEEK America's First Great Man

On February 22, 1732, George Washington was born.

George Washington, the first President of the American Republic, and one of the three really great men America has produced, was born in Virginia on February 22, 1732.

The Washington family emigrated from Sulgrave, Northamptonshire, about 270 years ago. The house they left is now historically preserved.

In Virginia they became rich land-owners with slaves, who were set free by George Washington in his will when he died in 1799.



George Washington

In his youth Washington only had a plain English education, but it served him well. He wrote and spoke with dignity and power, and was independent, im-

pressive, and gentlemanly.

He served with distinction as an officer commanding American levies fighting in conjunction with British regulars in the wars against the French and their Indian allies. When he resigned his commission at the end of the French wars he had a sound reputation as a soldier, though still a young man.

During the next 15 years he lived on his estates, doing his duty as a public-minded country gentleman, firm in character, but moderate in opinion, and gradually coming to the belief that the differences which divided the interfering Mother Country and her independent-minded colonies would end in war.

When war came Washington was unanimously chosen as their commander-in-chief by the colonists because of his training and experience as a soldier and the general respect felt for him; but he was very modest as to his own qualifications. It was in June, 1775, that he accepted the command, and eight years after, in December, 1783, he returned his commission, his task being completed and the American States independent.

On a Bed of Thorns

During those years he had lain, as it were, on a bed of thorns. It was natural that in a primitive land, newly peopled by adventurous men, there were many strong-willed, stiff-necked men who wished to do what they liked, hated discipline, and thought they could do things better than anyone else. Also, there were thirteen States with their different governments, each rather jealous of the other. No man ever had a more difficult team to drive than Washington when he was commander-in-chief of the rebel army fighting the British. But through it all he kept a level head, and went on with his own plans, winning and keeping the general confidence of the mass of his countrymen.

His course became easier when France began to help the colonists, for he was clearly the only American leader fit to represent his country in alliance with one of the old cultured nations of Europe; and by the time he emerged triumphant from the war his army was ready to make him king.

Washington's One Aim

He would not hear of it. Under his chairmanship a constitution was formed, and then he was elected President, an honour renewed unanimously a second time, but declined by Washington for a third period. He had become disgusted by the squabbling of party politicians, his one aim being to secure a strong central government.

He died on December 14, 1799, and was mourned as "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

IN THE TRACK OF MAGELLAN Sheep for Patagonia

STEAMER'S UNUSUAL WAY TO LONDON

By Our New Zealand Correspondent

Early in December the steamer Ruapehu set sail from Dunedin, New Zealand, with a flock of well-bred sheep to be landed at Punta Arenas, on the shores of the historic Strait of Magellan, on her way to London.

What a wealth of romance there is in that little announcement. Long, long ago, in 1519, before anybody in Europe had dreamed of New Zealand, Ferdinand Magellan set out from Spain and sailed through the narrow strait between Tierra del Fuego and the mainland of South America.

Poor Magellan was killed by natives at a little island in the Pacific, but his men slowly made their way back to Europe. They were the first sailors to sail right round the world.

Nowadays only an occasional New Zealand steamer sets the old Cape Horn

The Minister of Health Speaks

No day goes by but, sprawling out from our great cities, you will see another yard added to bungalow extensions; no month goes by but, on our great roads, you will notice some addition to the defilement of the countryside.

England will not be worth living in in ten years under this dreadful, appalling, and malignant disease.

Mr. Arthur Greenwood,
Minister of Health

course, for since the Panama Canal was opened the quickest route to and from New Zealand has been through the canal.

In the old days of sailing ships the Horn was dreaded for its stormy weather. Sometimes ships waited for weeks for favourable winds to allow them to round the cape. Now the old sea-road is practically deserted, for when a New Zealand steamer does touch at a South American port she avoids Cape Horn by going through the Strait of Magellan.

Four centuries have passed since the voyage of Magellan, and now a big liner, many times bigger than the little wooden cockleshells of the old explorers, has been through the Strait with champion sheep to join the flocks on the sheep farms in Patagonia. It is only 90 years since the first flocks were taken to New Zealand, but there are now 30,000,000 sheep in the Dominion.

THE HEAT OF AN UNSEEN STAR

The most delicate thermometer in the world has lately been made.

It will measure the heat of stars so distant that they can only be seen with powerful telescopes. More than a hundred stars have already been measured with the new instrument, and the discovery has been made that the brightness of a star may have nothing to do with its temperature.

The thermometer weighs less than a six-hundredth part of a grain, and consists of two wires a thousandth part of an inch in diameter. These wires form what is called a thermo-couple, and any heat falling on them where they are joined gives rise to an excessively small electric current, which is measured on a sensitive galvanometer.

The heat from the hottest star, Betelgeuse, warms the tiny thermo-couple by a sixtieth part of a degree, but even thousandths of a degree can be measured.

ADVERTISEMENTS THE RIGHT AND WRONG PLACE FOR THEM How They Vulgarise Our Beautiful Countryside RESPONSIBILITY OF LOCAL AUTHORITIES

The question of preserving the beauty of the English countryside and freeing it from accumulating ugliness in many glaring forms is unmistakably stirring public opinion.

Already many organisations are considering a wide variety of problems that need earnest thought.

A number of efforts to safeguard and enhance the beauty of our land were discussed at the Oxford Conference the other day. The more such discussions are held the greater will be the volume of opinion which will deter offenders and strengthen the restrictions forbidding rampant outrage from being paraded for private profit.

Cooperation Needed

It is becoming clearer and clearer that there must soon be a national amalgamation of the many organisations that are all working for the same aims.

One of the most glaring of the abuses that every defender of decent taste condemns is the blight of obtrusive advertisements. The most practical check each one of us can give to those who thrust their wares upon our notice in an offensive form is to resolve that we will never use the things so grossly displayed. There is a right and proper place for advertising: it is in the papers. Newspapers and magazines come into every house, and there is no need for lining the roadsides with obstructive hoardings.

What the Councils Can Do

Already there are Acts of Parliament for regulating advertisements; Acts which recognise that we all have an interest in the visible beauty of our surroundings, an interest which the law can protect. As long ago as 1893 the Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising, now known as the Scapa Society (71, Eccleston Square, S.W. 1), began its work, and was partly instrumental in promoting the Advertisements Regulation Acts of 1907 and 1925. But these Acts are not directly operative. The Acts give Local Authorities the power to make byelaws for regulating or prohibiting advertisements that disfigure rural scenery or injuriously affect local amenities.

Those Authorities are the County Councils, who can delegate their powers to the councils of urban districts with a population under 10,000 and to rural districts; while all boroughs, and also Urban District Councils with over 10,000 inhabitants, can make and enforce their own byelaws.

But many of these bodies do not use their powers for making restrictive byelaws under the conditions laid down in the Advertisements Regulation Acts.

Loopholes in the Acts

Of the 83 County Boroughs only 13 have made advertisement byelaws. Of the 253 Municipal Boroughs only 40 have made them. Of 274 Urban District Councils with over 10,000 inhabitants only 44 have done so. The County Councils have been much more careful for the public interest, for 56 out of 62 County Councils have made such byelaws. It is for the people who are oppressed by vulgar advertisements to give their public authorities to understand that such byelaws should be made and enforced.

Even then relief is slow and uncertain. It may be slow because five years' grace is allowed before a condemned hoarding or advertisement is suppressed; and the Advertisements Regulations Acts are but loosely shaped, and have loopholes of which the astute advertising agents know how to take advantage.

February 15, 1930

The Children's Newspaper

11

NEPTUNE AT HIS NEAREST

A CHANCE OF SEEING HIM

The Bluish-Green Light
of a Distant Planet

UNKNOWN ELEMENTS

By the C.N. Astronomer

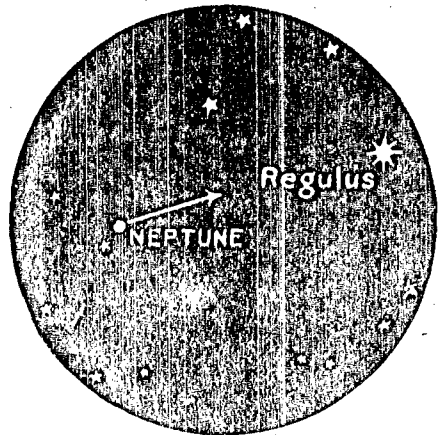
The remote world of Neptune is now at his nearest to us and on Friday next, February 21, will be 2,709,000 miles away, just over 29 times as far away as the Sun.

There is a possibility of glimpsing Neptune with powerful field-glasses if the night is dark and very clear.

Our star-map shows where Neptune is relative to the bright first-magnitude star Regulus and the faint stars in the vicinity. Regulus may be easily found with the aid of the star-map of the Sickle of Leo in the C.N. for January 25.

These stars are high up in the south-east between 8 and 10 o'clock, the configuration of the Sickle being obvious.

Neptune is now travelling toward Regulus; his path for the next ten



Neptune and the stars seen with field-glasses

weeks is shown by the length of the small arrow on the star-map. The circular disc of this indicates the approximate area of the field of view seen through the glasses, together with all the stars, that will be readily perceptible. Thus the exact location of Neptune should be an easy matter. Identification may, moreover, be assured by noting whether any of the tiny points of light move in the course of a few weeks; the one that does is Neptune.

The thought of the tremendous distance of this weird world—72 times the size of ours—and the rare occasions on which it is possible to find it, will give the observer great satisfaction whenever its faint bluish-green light is perceived. This light has taken nearly four hours to reach us since it was reflected from the cloud-laden atmosphere of the planet. Consequently as Neptune is speeding through space at 200 miles a minute he is actually 48,000 miles from where he appears to be; and, as his diameter is about 33,000 miles, when astronomers gaze upon his sphere through their telescopes Neptune is really beside where he appears to be.

Conditions on Neptune

Now, although the sunlight received by Neptune owing to his great distance is 900 times less than the Earth receives, it is sufficient to reveal this far-off world to us and, moreover, to tell us, when the light's spectrum is analysed, something of the conditions on Neptune; for instance, that his atmosphere contains hydrogen and water-vapour and his upper atmosphere other elements with which we are not acquainted on Earth.

Neptune must therefore possess sufficient internal heat to warm his surface, otherwise his temperature would be somewhere about 360 degrees below zero (Fahrenheit), a temperature that would freeze all water to hard ice rock, while the planet would possess seas of liquid air flowing over the ice if the necessary elements of oxygen and nitrogen were present. G. F. M.

THE BOOK OF A HARMLESS DRUDGE

The Shrine of a People's Soul. By Edwin W. Smith. (Edinburgh House Press. 2s. 6d.)

This little book is dedicated "To the Harmless Drudges: Past, Present, and Future," the drudges being the writers of dictionaries. How important and how romantic this work has been is told in this fascinating volume.

The story Mr. Smith has to tell is really the romance of language and translation, centring upon two themes. One is that the soul of a people is enshrined in their common speech and that soul can never be reached until one has talked to them in their vernacular. The other deals with the great work of translating the Bible, and shows how it is not only a book universal in its appeal but that in many parts of the world it is setting a standard of language and literature just as it did four or five hundred years ago in England.

A Magic Phrase

We have seldom picked up a book of 200 pages so filled with quotable stories and illustrations. Mr. Smith, who is the most capable Literary Superintendent of the Bible Society, tells how he began his drudgery of writing down the Ila language in Northern Rhodesia.

The first step forward was when he discovered the magic phrase *Chinzhi chechi*? meaning What is this? "How I pestered with it all sorts and conditions of men" (he says). Every new word gained was at once recorded in my notebook and, when checked, transferred to slips of paper in an alphabetical index drawer." Mr. Smith was building his house with the aid of natives at the time, and all day long he collected words. He also used to sit with the chief and the headmen to listen to their conversation and to jot down by stealth notes on the sleeve of his white jacket. He knew he was getting on with the language when he heard (and understood) a man say to his neighbour: "Look at him! He's at it again! And see, he's writing on his coat!"

The Word at Last

Mr. Smith tells how he sought in vain for the word meaning "to trust" in the Ila tongue until one day, when he was on a ladder repairing his house, he heard a native say to another: "If I were the missionary I would not trust this ladder. He will break his neck." "The word at last!" says Mr. Smith. "It could not mean anything else. I scrambled down, not because I was afraid of breaking my neck but in order to seize that precious word trust and record it in writing before it could escape."

There are many difficulties and pitfalls before the recorder of a stranglanguage. It was discovered in one part of India that it was thought the God of the Christians was sky-blue in colour! This arose from the opening words of the Lord's Prayer, which were rendered "Our heavenly Father." The word heavenly was generally taken to mean having the colour of the sky.

A Highway of the Spirit

Curious adaptations of words have sometimes to be made. "White as snow" would have no meaning for people who have never seen snow, so in one version the expression is "White as egrets' plumes." Perhaps the most curious, however, is the Solomon Islands version of "The wild asses quench their thirst," which was rendered "The cannibal pigs drink water to stop hiccoughs."

Mr. Smith is an enthusiastic word-hunter, and in his little book he makes us as enthusiastic as himself. But he shows us, too, that this literary side of the missionary's life is fundamental to his great calling, and that in seeking to understand and preserve the languages of the people among whom he lives he is making, not only a road for himself to the souls of his friends, but a highway of the spirit for them.

UP IN THE FROZEN NORTH

THE GOOD WORK
ALWAYS BEING DONE

A Chapter of Romance From
the Icebound Coast

SAVING A LITTLE CHILD

Readers of the C.N. have already heard stirring tales about the work of Dr. Grenfell in Labrador, and now comes another to add to the string like a new pearl.

Up in the Frozen North, where a few Anglo-Saxons make a poor living as trappers or fishers, there lived a couple who had three children. There was little enough food and clothes for all, and yet there was not a child too many.

One unhappy day Ethel thought that some pretty red stuff would make a nice plaything. She was two and a half and did not know that Brother Fire must be kept in his place. The poor baby was badly burned.

Sixty Miles of Pathless Snow

There was no village doctor for her father to run to, for there was neither village nor doctor. They lived, remember, on the icebound coast of Labrador, amid a wilderness of snow.

Fortunately for them the Grenfell Association had one of its medical stations 60 miles away. But they were 60 miles of pathless snow and sea ice, and it would be several days' weary work to haul the sledge to the station. Both parents must go, so that they might relieve one another and help each other over the worst places.

This meant leaving two little children alone in their home in the wilderness. The sea ice was due to break up, and that meant that the return journey was not assured.

But if they did not hurry the little one to hospital she would certainly die. So the poor mother made her choice. She said goodbye to the other children and set off with her husband.

A friend in Need

Then good fortune met them. A hunter with a dog team chanced to come by, and when he heard of the poor baby's plight he lent his dogs. The journey only took two days.

Yet this seemed enough to kill a child suffering from burns and shock. When she arrived at the nursing station she was too ill even to cry. Her parents had to go back to the other children without waiting to see if she would live. For some time the nurse in charge was certain she would not. She recovered; yet when the nurse wrote her report the parents did not know it, for the ice had broken and all travelling was impossible. They were still marooned in the wilderness, wondering and fearing about the baby who was so near to them and so infinitely far away.

It is good to think of their happiness when the good news reached them.

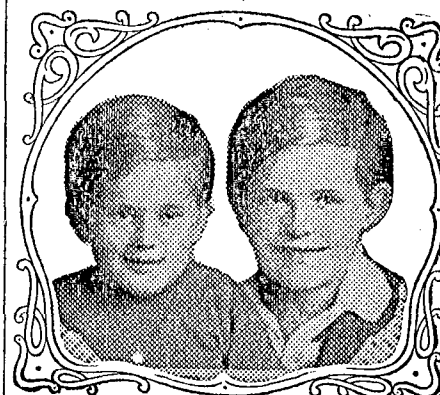
ICELAND'S NEW STAMPS

Its Parliament's 1000th Birthday

Iceland is keeping the Thousandth Birthday of its Parliament, the Althing, which its people claim as the oldest parliamentary institution in the world.

A series of 16 stamps has been issued for the celebration, representing in excellent native designs various characteristic scenes, including:

- Parliament House at Reykjavik.
- Viking galley in a storm.
- A camp of early colonists.
- A Viking's funeral.
- Naming the land.
- Wood-gatherers.
- Woman in national dress.
- The Danish flag.
- A map of Iceland.
- A winter farm scene.
- A woman at a spinning-wheel.
- Falcon and aeroplane.



Mother's good health recipe for 7 years

Mrs. S. Holland, 286, Petre Street, Sheffield, writes: "I have found California Syrup of Figs an excellent medicine for both my boys, and have used it now for seven years. Before being advised to try California Syrup of Figs I tried several preparations which were not satisfactory. On trying California Syrup of Figs all medicine troubles vanished. When the children are not well I find a dose or two regulates the stomach, cools the blood, and brings back their appetites. It soon puts them right again, and they like it, so there is no difficulty in getting them to take it."

MOTHER! For the pain and fever of teething "California Syrup of Figs" is a safe and pleasant remedy. If a child is bilious, fretful and irritable, has no appetite and stomach is upset, just give "California Syrup of Figs." Soon, by Nature's processes, the system will be cleared and the little sufferer will be bright and well again. For one who is habitually troubled, nothing will coax the organs back to natural regularity like "California Syrup of Figs." It also reduces susceptibility to colds and throat troubles, and fortifies the system against infection from fevers.

Get a bottle to-day. 1/3 and 2/6 of all chemists. Emphasise "California" and no mistake will be made.

Do you know the SCHOOL-DAYS tradition?

It is a tradition of supreme value for money. Thousands of school-girls discovered it when SCHOOL-DAYS first started, and so at least twopence of their pocket-money has been well spent ever since. Every issue amply justifies the tradition. There are always long instalments of splendid serials, thrilling, complete tales of schoolgirls' adventure, intensely interesting special articles with pages of pictures and regular features on sport, Girl Guide activities and so on. Don't forget to keep twopence of your pocket-money for

SCHOOL-DAYS

Every Saturday 2^d

Get YOUR Copy NOW!

A GREAT CHANCE FOR THE P.M.G. WHY NOT STOP OUR UGLY STAMPS?

Nothing to be Proud of Since
the Days of Rowland Hill

POVERTY-STRICKEN LABELS OF ST. MARTIN'S

Not since the eighteen-forties has Britain possessed a reasonably good-looking postage stamp.

It was in 1837 that Rowland Hill published his famous pamphlet on Post Office reform, urging the nation to adopt a penny post, the penny to be prepaid by an adhesive stamp. Of course the officials opposed the scheme and said it was absurd, but Rowland Hill soon won his battle and the first penny stamp appeared in 1840. It was finely printed in black.

The Famous Penny Black

Every young postage-stamp collector loves that penny black stamp, and with good reason. It bore an excellent portrait of the youthful queen, and the almost solid black of the background made it a handsome picture. Unfortunately, the black stamp had to be given up because it could be so easily forged, and soon the same design was issued in deep red. This old penny red stamp was also a good-looking thing, and it remained in use for some considerable time.

It proved to be the last reasonably good British postage stamp.

Ever since then we have been treated to a succession of poverty-stricken labels, badly designed and poorly printed in weak colours on thin paper. It is almost as if the nation desired to label itself as inartistic, incapable of producing a picture worth looking at.

A Disgrace to the Nation

The most terrible examples of all were the ridiculous things published last year to celebrate the International Postal Conference. We greeted the delegates with stamps which met with universal criticism and were sometimes refused by the public in post offices. They were a disgrace to the nation, and it is fortunate that they were soon withdrawn.

The current stamps are, however, very little better. The too-familiar three-halfpenny stamp bears a small portrait of the King enclosed within meaningless folds, and what may possibly be intended to be two playful dolphins with their tails in the air, although they might be intended to represent almost anything else. The penny stamp is not much better; the halfpenny one is no better at all. The higher values are equally weak in design, and all alike have the fault that their colours are extremely weak and poor. This fault is the more striking because we live in an age when good colour-printing is easy and common.

Not a Small Matter

What a happy contrast is afforded by the splendid stamps issued by the United States! The American stamps have always been good, and it is rather painful to compare a set of American postage stamps with a set of British ones. The American stamps have always been engraved after the manner of a bank-note, have always been printed in good, definite colours on excellent paper, and are a credit to the country from which they come, while the British mail, on the other hand, with its apologetic labels, conveys an impression of weakness and incapacity.

This is not a small matter, for it is all-important that so prominent a thing as

THE FAMOUS ROOF OF MICHAEL ANGELO

All who know Rome must have learned with a shock that the famous frescoes of the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican need repair. Happily there is no cause for alarm.

There is no need of repainting or retouching, but certain parts of the roof supports, the mouldings, do need securing. The plans which are to be put into operation include the photographing of every part of the work on the same scale as the drawings themselves. When we realise that many of the figures are ten feet long it will be seen that the photographers will have need of exceptional skill.

A Spur to Success

There is nothing else in the world like these frescoes which Michael Angelo, during four years of frenzied labour and anxiety, wrought with such matchless skill. The work was more than a labour of love, much more; it was a challenge by his enemies, who had induced the Pope to impose on him a task in which they hoped he would prove incompetent. The envy of Raphael and Bramante was a spur goading him to triumph.

One of the greatest men of all time, Michael Angelo had so far revealed his genius only in sculpture and architecture, and he was now called upon to execute a series of great frescoes in one of the most famous buildings of the world.

He sent to Florence for artists to help him. Their incompetence outraged his artistic sense; he dismissed them like errand boys, obliterated their work, locked himself in the chapel, and undertook single-handed and unaided the most gigantic task to which any man had ever been committed.

Bramante had suggested that holes should be pierced in the ceiling to let down ropes to support a scaffold.

"How are they to be hidden when the painting is done?" asked the artist.

Beaten by the Pope

No one knew. Michael Angelo had a scaffold of his own design built up from within; but even so he was compelled to assume so cramped a position for months together that his body was injured and his sight so damaged that he could not read except when he was lying on his side.

The subject, which was originally to have included only the Disciples, embraces the history of the world from the Creation to the Day of Judgment, and comprises 394 figures, most of them gigantic. During every moment of daylight the artist toiled at his task. The Pope once beat him because he would not hurry, but for four years he kept visitors out, and at last revealed a work at which ever since the world has marvelled, beautiful as a divine vision, austere and stately as some inspired message from the prophets.

The frescoes are four centuries old, and the new work should preserve them for as long again.

Continued from the previous column

a stamp should do justice to the country which issues it. A postage stamp is a manufactured article, and when a country issues hundreds of millions of rubbishy postage stamps it appears that the country does not know how to do things, does not know good design from bad, does not understand how to make a good printing ink, or at least that the country is made up of people for whom anything is good enough.

The Postmaster-General who takes this matter in hand and gives us a fine series of postage stamps will advertise to the world that we can do good printing, and that, in little things as in big, we can be depended upon to produce something worth having.

WHAT'S IN A NAME? A Very Great Deal SEEDS THAT WILL NOT DECEIVE US

If Juliet were still alive the quarrel would now be not between the Montagues and Capulets, but between Juliet and the National Institute of Agricultural Botany. Juliet suggested that there is nothing in a name; the Institute says there is, and very much.

It may be that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, but what if we buy a rose guaranteed to be of a certain sort and it proves another? That is the problem, but with much more serious developments.

The matter is of such importance that it has been taken up by all the chief authorities on farming, botany, and by corn and agricultural merchants. The point is that new types of corn, vegetables, clover, flowers, and fruits are evolved by science and given names by which they become known to all the world. The seeds are bought and grown in various parts by various growers, and, with some little variation of the type or with none, new names are given and buyers of the new seed deceived.

Official God athers

The authorities who have been meeting in conference have passed a long resolution containing several important clauses pointing out how undesirable it is that cereals of known characteristics should be sold under other names, and that existing names should be retained with the addition of words indicating the stock has been raised by selection.

It is proposed to form what may fairly be called a committee of official god-fathers to see to the naming of seeds. The committee will include representatives of the Cambridge University Plant Breeding Institute and other important scientific bodies. All proposed new names will have to be submitted to this committee, who will examine the history of each group of seeds with the same care as others examine the pedigree of animals.

By this means a farmer who wants seeds of a particular character to suit his land, or even his climate if he is abroad, will know as exactly what to expect from his seeds as the dairy farmer from his cows, the motorist from his car.

AT THE PICTURES

The Two Sorts of People

It is very interesting to watch the visitors at the Italian Art Exhibition.

The other day we followed round a queer pair. The man was the typical tramp, with muddy boots and honest, staring eyes that looked long and hard at the paintings. His wife was more decently clad than he, but, poor thing, her dress was thin and summery, her hat just a broken summer straw, and her stockings a mass of darns. Yet she moved eagerly from one beautiful thing to another, and was obviously rapt and absorbed in a Giorgione. She called her husband to look at it, and they stood together (not awkwardly) among the fashionable throng, her ungloved hand pointing enthusiastically to the picture.

We liked them better than another couple, discovered before Botticelli's Venus. This couple consisted of a military gentleman with his schoolboy son.

Said he of the red face and white whiskers: "Take the weight of the shell, and take the weight of Venus. The shell would never bear her! Therefore the whole thing is absurd. Ridiculous! I've not seen a picture here that is really true to facts. Let's go off and lunch. I know where they have some excellent roast pork!"

DOING A DUMB FRIEND A GOOD TURN £100 Prize

THE COUNCIL OF JUSTICE TO ANIMALS

£100 has always been considered a good reward for returning someone's pearl necklace or diamond brooch. Now it is being offered as a reward for doing animals a good turn.

The Council of Justice to Animals is holding a competition with prizes of £100, £50, and £25, and consolation prizes amounting to £75. Competitors must send a shilling to the Council at 42, Old Bond Street, London, W.1, and in return they will receive the competition book containing photographs and descriptions of twelve dogs of different breeds. They have to decide which are the most popular, and send in their lists before May 31.

A Rather Jolly Game

Of course we cannot be certain how the other competitors will vote, but a good guess might be based on the dogs seen in our daily walks. Ours is a dog-keeping race, and everywhere there are dogs trotting after prams, hauling ladies along on pretty leads, or ambling at master's heels. If every day we meet dozens of Mexican hairless dogs we might be pretty safe in putting Mexican hairless dogs first on our list.

"This sounds a rather jolly game," most people may say, "but how does it do animals a good turn?"

It does good because if many people enter the competition there will be a profit for the funds of the Council of Justice to Animals. Its slogan is Prevention is Better than Cure. Instead of punishing those who have been cruel to animals it seeks to educate people to be kind to animals, believing that most cruelty comes from ignorance. The Council works, as C.N. readers know, here and in foreign countries.

This is what the Chief Scout says of the Competition Book:

The purpose of this little book being to foster the spirit of kindness to all God's creatures, I commend it to the notice of all animal lovers.

It is like B.-P. to speak up for those who cannot speak for themselves, and we hope many C.N. people will listen to his commendation.

PROSPERITY MACHINE MADE

And Unemployment Too

In the United States, that great, rich, and powerful country as an English Prime Minister called it, they have, it is said, over three million unemployed.

The numbers are almost as great in proportion to the population as in tax-burdened Britain, so hard pressed to pay her own debts and those of others for the war.

It seems that prosperity, so far from ridding a land of unemployment, may even contribute toward its increase. The prosperity of America is due to its great powers of production, which has made great fortunes and paid its employed workmen high wages.

It is not the workman but the machine which makes America's prosperity. The fortunes are machine made, so are the high wages, but so also is unemployment, because only the able and young workmen can get the best out of the Robot machines. The weaker workmen go to the wall.

It would seem almost that the world is in danger of being starved out by its machines, but if we look back on the past of industry we see that the machine is not really the enemy of the men who make it work.

Every invention which makes things cheaper sooner or later attracts more buyers for them. The supply of cheap goods creates the demand.

THE NORTH'S NEW SEA GATES ARCTIC WAY TO CENTRAL ASIA

**Journey That Was Not Long
Since Thought to be Impossible**

HELP FROM WIRELESS

Men have tried for hundreds of years to use the Arctic seas as a short cut to remote lands. If it were not for the ice that blocks it Hudson Bay would form an easy and direct route to the heart of Canada. The Kara Sea is the natural way to the centre of Asia.

Today the journey is being done as never before. Hudson Bay is now a regular summer route, and last year, for the first time in history, three ships of the Hudson's Bay Company made the hazardous North-West Passage.

No less than 26 steamers, accompanied by two ice-breakers, successfully made the voyage last year through the Kara Sea to the mouths of the great Siberian rivers Ob and Yenesei. This is twice as many as ever before. Not many years ago the voyage was considered almost impossible.

Venturesome English Sailor

The lands of Central Asia, rich almost beyond belief, long had much of their wealth untouched because it was impossible to carry the harvests 3000 miles to the borders of Siberia and then beyond. The great Siberian rivers are navigable for thousands of miles, from the Arctic to Mongolia and Turkestan. Ships could easily travel down them, but their mouths were ice-blocked by the Arctic Ocean.

For a few weeks in the summer navigation is possible. The first man to make the journey for trade was a brave and venturesome English sailor, Captain Wiggins, in his steamship *Diana*, in 1874. Others followed, for the people of Siberia clamoured for the goods the ships brought, and had plenty to offer in exchange.

A Badly-Charted Waterway

But there were many difficulties, which caused more than one expedition to fail. In bad years the Kara Sea may be blocked with ice nearly all the time. The waters round it are very little known and are badly charted. There was for long a lack of lighthouses. Sometimes a ship would set out, and, owing to the captain not knowing the way, would return without reaching its destination. Sometimes a ship would be caught in the ice.

But the road to success was gradually discovered. Wireless came to the aid of the ships and seaplanes discovered ice-free passages.

During the war a number of steamers successfully made the journey. Land along the River Yenesei was developed, a saw mill was built, and a shipbuilding yard was begun. Plans for many other enterprises were afoot when the revolution swept over Siberia, business was stopped, ships were seized, and trade came to a standstill.

A Delightful Journey

After some years the expeditions started again, this time under the direction of the Russian Government. The writer saw the officers of one ship after it had arrived in Krasnoyarsk. They looked as if equipped for some great enterprise in their strong, warm clothing, and their ship was specially strengthened in the hull to save it from wrecking in the ice.

They said they had had a delightful journey, in spite of the difficulties from the little-known waterways.

Some of the main cities in Central Siberia can be served through the Kara Sea route, Omsk, Krasnoyarsk, and, most interesting of all, Novo-Nikolaievsk. Omsk and Krasnoyarsk are hundreds of years old and were largely settled by

MYSTERIOUS ENEMY AMONG THE PIGS DISEASE WAITING TO BE CONQUERED

**What Olu Thomas Tusser
Would Have Done With It**

THE WORLD DOES MOVE

There remains much for science to do for the relief of man and for the preservation of his animals.

Farmers in conference have once more been lamenting the terrible prevalence of swine fever and telling the Government that it should do something to stamp out the costly malady.

Any Government in any land would thankfully banish swine fever if it could. It would mean a saving to the world of millions of pounds a year; but unfortunately swine fever, like foot-and-mouth disease, influenza, and cancer, is one of the mysterious scourges which men have not yet learned to conquer.

Terrors of Our Forefathers

Ailments affecting sheep, pigs, and cattle were among the greatest terrors of our forefathers. Seeing how helpless they were in the face of visitations which we are now able to control or limit by the isolation of infected areas, it is a matter for wonder that they and their livestock managed to survive at all. Again and again pestilence swept the land, leaving the peasants, serf and free, without animals for food or clothing or labour.

Fatal diseases among domestic animals came in epidemic waves, but they lingered also persistently in a mild threatening form among flock and herd. Diseases of animals came, in fact, to be regarded as so inevitable that landowners, in order that their tenants might live, fixed rents at such a figure that they might make good to the peasants the losses which they sustained each year among their animals.

That went on for centuries, and then there arose a man famous in the annals of agriculture, a man whom Thomas Fuller the biographer well loved. He found a way of meeting the consequences of swine fever, if not the disease itself.

A Man of Many Parts

Thomas Tusser was he, still famous after three hundred and fifty years as a writer on agriculture. He was, wrote Fuller, successively musician, schoolmaster, serving-man, husbandman, grazier, poet, "more skilful than all in thriving in any vocation."

Swine fever, then known as leprosy or measles, was very rife in his day, and during his time as chorister in Norwich Cathedral, and after, he gave much thought to the best way of meeting losses in the industry. Finally, the pious man reached what seemed to him a happy solution. He urged that when the disease was very prevalent the animals should be slain, salted, and packed, and the pork sold overseas to the Flemings!

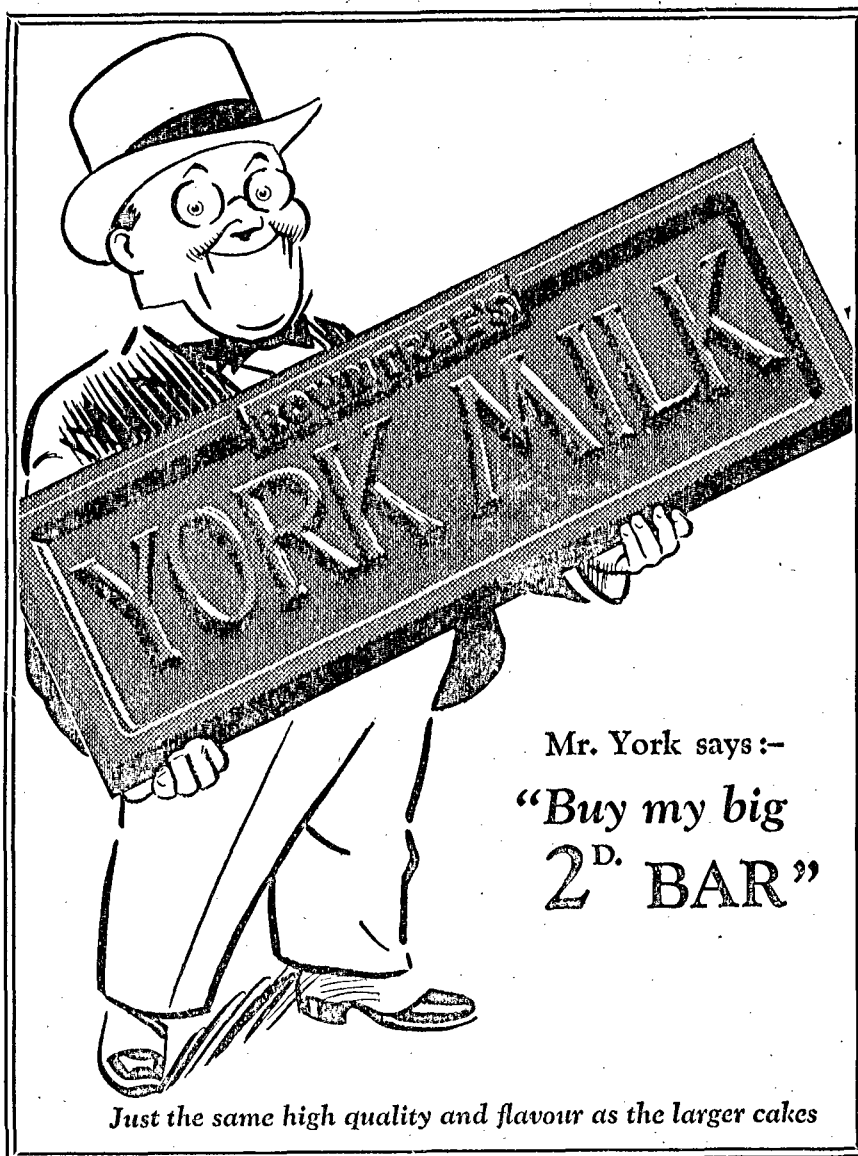
Truly the world does move, and mankind grows better and better.

Continued from the previous column

Siberian exiles. But Novo-Nikolaievsk is one of the newest cities in the world.

A little over thirty years ago the site of Novo-Nikolaievsk was a forest wilderness, where bears roamed freely. The engineers planning the Siberian railway chose this spot for their main headquarters. Forests were cut down and workshops and houses built. As all houses are of wood they had not to go far for their walls.

Then traders began to come. Processions of camels arrived from Mongolia. The rivers brought boats with goods sent by fishermen and peasants in the forests. Hunters made this a point for setting out on expeditions to the Altai Mountains, the very centre of Asia, and to the Arctic North. Churches and warehouses were built.



Mr. York says:-
"Buy my big
2^D. BAR"

Just the same high quality and flavour as the larger cakes

WHICH IS BRITAIN'S? MOST POPULAR DOG?

**£250 IN CASH PRIZES
MUST BE WON**

1st PRIZE £100. 2nd PRIZE £50. 3rd PRIZE £25
AND NUMEROUS CONSOLATION PRIZES.

This competition forms an entertaining and instructive feature of the

"The ANIMAL LOVERS' COMPETITION BOOK"

Price 1/-,

which has been published to stimulate public interest in the far-reaching work of The Council of Justice to Animals. The book is fully illustrated, and includes a FREE ENTRY FORM, together with descriptive accounts of twelve Prize-winning dogs which form the basis of this fascinating competition.

The great measure of distinguished support which the Council has already received may be judged by the following

INSPIRING MESSAGE FROM LORD BADEN-POWELL

"The purpose of this little book being to foster the spirit of kindness to all God's creatures I commend it to the notice of all animal lovers."
(Signed) BADEN POWELL.

GET YOUR COPY TO-DAY and qualify for one of the valuable Cash Prizes, at the same time you will be assisting one of the most humane causes of our time.

Copies of the "Animal Lovers' Competition Book" can be obtained from any of the bookstalls of Messrs. W. H. Smith or Messrs. Wymans; also from the book departments at Messrs. Boots, Whiteleys, Selfridges, Harrods, etc., or direct (Post Free, 1s. 1d.) from

THE COUNCIL OF JUSTICE to ANIMALS

42, Old Bond Street, London, W.1.

THE SHADOW

A Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 41

Every Man's Right

MAJOR CHRIS nodded. "So you don't believe," he went on, "that Mrs. Mandeverell is merely giving Charity a night's shelter. In short, you don't believe her yarn of the Picture Palace?"

Then Peter told how the moment he had entered that cottage, that silent cottage, he had felt that something was wrong. "And my feelings are always right," he said.

"And what about the message to Colonel Grevel?"

"It was something awful and terrible. I know it was. It was something at the root of the Colonel's secret. It was to tell him they've stolen Charity," Peter cried hoarsely, quivering all over, his eyes in a flame. "If they hurt her I'll kill them," he said, and his voice choked.

"Steady, Peter!" uttered Major Chris very quietly. "Take a grip on yourself. We'll have work to do in the morning," he added.

"It's morning already," Peter answered with impatience. "It's long after midnight, at any rate. Oh, Major Chris—"

Major Chris put a hand on his arm. "Shh! Don't talk now," he whispered. "Listen! Can you hear anything?" And, after a moment, "Peter, steal upstairs to the gallery and go to the window which overlooks the side door. You know the window I mean?"

Peter gestured, "Yes, yes."

"Somebody is beginning to unlock the side door from inside. I heard him stealing down. Nothing misses my ears, Peter. Watch through the window and you'll see who it is slips out. Go quickly! Quickly, Peter!" Major Chris whispered.

Several minutes passed before Peter stole back. He whispered the Colonel's name.

His companion drew a deep breath. "I expected it, Peter."

"You expected it?"

"Yes. But you're sure it was Colonel Grevel?"

"I couldn't see very well but I watched him come out and I knew his figure at once. I couldn't mistake it. He was in an ulster and a soft cap."

"And carrying a bag?"

"Yes, something like that."

For a few moments Major Chris sat thinking in silence, while before Peter's eyes his features took on a change.

"Peter," he said, "it has happened as I expected from the moment that Colonel Grevel bade me good-night. You were right, of course, and I knew you were right. That note was to tell him that they had got hold of Charity and would restore her in exchange for himself. So he has gone to give himself to them. Peter, fetch Mrs. Grevel."

Peter remembered the sobbing.

"Oh, I daren't," he replied.

"You daren't! There isn't such a word, Peter, now. Knock on her door and ask her to come down and speak with me. To save Colonel Grevel we must add her knowledge to our knowledge." Major Chris had pulled himself up in his chair; he sat erect, his tones were sharp and imperative.

So with terrible feelings Peter mounted the stairs, but when he knocked at the door it was opened at once to him.

Mrs. Grevel was fully dressed, her eyes set and sombre. As Peter stepped in she stood like a woman of stone. As he stammered out his message he saw that she had removed all traces of tears.

When she had come down, with Peter longing to comfort her, she moved a chair to the side of Major Chris and drew his wasted hands into hers as she spoke.

"Dear friend," she uttered—Peter marvelled that she could find voice—"dear friend, remember that I am the wife of a soldier."

"I do remember," Major Chris breathed, with a great reverence.

She pressed his hands closer as though she would warm them in hers.

"Dear Chris, I ought to be proud," she said very gently. "Proud to know two loyal souls. Very proud of your love for us both. Very proud of his memory."

Peter drew back, but their words continued to reach him.

Major Chris was saying: "Then you know that I know?"

"I felt it tonight, for I was watching you when that note came, and I knew that you would hear my husband steal out. I have been living in a nightmare of apprehension, and I think that you have seen it. But now I am brave. I am brave now." At last her mouth trembled. "There is nothing else left."

"Oh, there is, there is," he answered—and waited.

She knew for what he was waiting, nor did she falter.

"Every man has the right to give his life for his child, Chris."

He inclined his head in grave silence.

CHAPTER 42

Under Orders

THEN Mrs. Grevel released his hands and rose to her feet. She clenched her own hands, pressing from one to the other, and holding them close to her breast as though to draw strength from them.

"Chris," she uttered, "you want to save him. You can't save him. You can't call in the authorities to try to save him because by doing so you will jeopardise other lives. You know my husband's secret. You have sensed it a long time. But it was not his own to share with anyone else. He had to consider others. It was their secret also."

"Yes, I know, I know," replied Major Chris.

She swayed a little, but recovered herself and, unlocking her fingers, drew out a creased slip of paper.

"Here is their message, Chris. You shall hear what it says. It begins by warning my husband that if he calls in the police neither of us will ever see Charity again—"

Major Chris put in: "We might disregard that."

"We might, if the secret beneath it all were our own secret. We might if my soldier had not told soldier's wife to regard it. You are a soldier, Chris, and you obeyed orders. Am I to be unworthy, Chris, of my soldier?"

It tore Peter's heart out. He would have slipped off and left them, but Major Chris had signalled him sternly to stay.

"And I'm under orders too," he reminded himself.

So he stayed in the background and heard the rest of the message.

"They say," she went on, her eyes on the slip of paper, "that if Colonel Grevel wishes his daughter returned he is to deliver himself within twelve hours to those he knows of at the place he knows of."

JACKO GOES TO THE RINK

OUTSIDE Monkeyville's grand new skating-rink Jacko ran up against his friend Chimp.

"No good!" said Chimp, shaking his head at the skates under Jacko's arm. "Opening day. Mayor's here. You can only get in by invitation."

"Mine got lost in the post," grinned Jacko; and then, out of sheer mischief, he dodged past the commissionaire and ran into the big entrance hall.

"So far so good!" murmured Jacko; and, looking round, he took refuge

As he passed the box he dipped his hand in and pulled out a card.

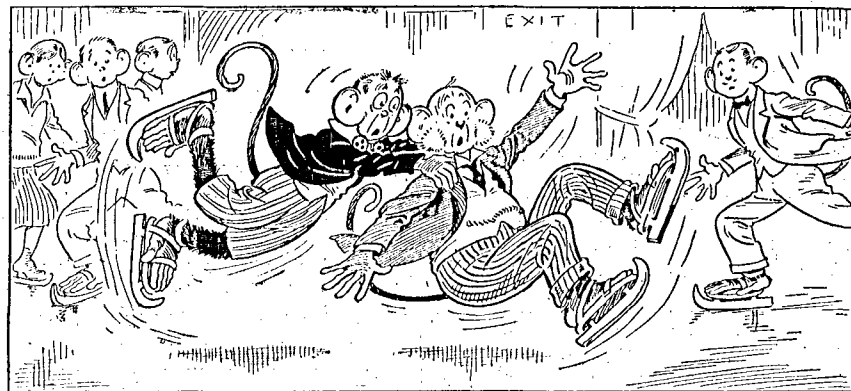
"Card, sir? Thank you, sir," the man was saying over and over again.

He stared at Jacko and hesitated; but that young gentleman pushed the card into his hand and ran on to the rink.

He had a lot of trouble with his skates.

"Bother!" he cried. "These aren't mine. They're Adolphus's."

They were; they were far too big for Jacko. But he fixed them on his feet as well as he could and struck out.



There was a shout and a crash

behind a tall screen. "But how I'm going to get past that chap beats me," for the inner door was being guarded by a big man in uniform who was collecting the tickets as the people came in.

But Jacko, who had one eye round the corner of the screen, noticed that as soon as the doorkeeper had collected a good handful of cards he dropped them into a box behind him.

Jacko's eyes began to glisten.

When the next arrivals came strolling in Jacko crept out of his hiding-place and walked boldly along behind them.

Jacko was pretty good on his own skates, but Adolphus's were too much for him! He slid, staggered a few yards, and gave it up.

"Help!" he cried—and grabbed the first person he could reach.

It was the Mayor!

There was a shout and a crash; the two of them came down with a thud that shook the hall.

The Mayor got off with a bad shaking. Jacko didn't get off for some time. When at last they let him go he was feeling quite sorry for himself.

Those are their words. Otherwise I am never to see my daughter again. Those are their very words. It is his life for hers."

"They want his life," said Major Chris, when she ended.

"The price is on his head still. They've come to earn it. He has no illusions. He knows that he goes to his death. And you can't interfere!" Her voice pleaded. "For the sake of others we must not interfere! Dear Chris, you would not have him betray other people?"

"Do you know where he has gone?"

She returned his look proudly.

"He forbade me to ask him. I am under orders," she answered. "That night on the moor when they chased him and tried to shoot him—"

There she caught up her breath and stopped with a gasp.

"He had stumbled on their place?"

"I don't know. I think he had. But he would not tell me," she said.

And now she spoke more insistently to Major Chris. She said:

"If my husband is willing to sacrifice his life for his daughter should I not be willing to sacrifice my life's happiness? He has the right to give his life for his child. I have the right to sacrifice all I love best for her."

Major Chris remained silent.

Her noble courage, her fortitude, stupefied Peter, and she must have read his amazement on his face as she turned, for, beckoning him to her, she spoke to him gently.

"Peter," she told him, "when I married a soldier it was not to hold him back from offering his life in battle. How, then, can I hold him back now?"

With which, her head held high, she left them and mounted the staircase, and when Major Chris's eyes had followed her he spoke to Peter with crisp firmness.

"There is nothing to be done till the morning," he said, "so up you go and get a few hours' sleep. Take your clothes off and go to bed properly, and I'll see that Abbot wakes you at seven o'clock."

Peter went gladly. For, after the first stress and strain, reaction had set in and he was reeling with weariness and could scarcely keep his eyes open. How he got his clothes off he never recalled, but get them off he did, and when he opened his eyes next it was to find old Abbot bending above him. The old man's plump, rosy face was heavy with trouble, the hand which

had just shaken Peter's shoulder was twitching, and when he walked across to the window, flinging it wide, he moved with none of his usual briskness and cheerfulness.

He returned to the bed and hoarsely whispered to Peter:

"The master has gone to fetch Miss Charity back, sir. He went late at night or very early this morning, so Major Ferne tells me." He hesitated. "Sir, can you tell me," he begged, "if any more news was brought in after I'd gone to bed? Indeed, the house won't feel the same till Miss Charity's back."

What could Peter reply? Touched as he was by the old man's puzzled anxiety, there was nothing he could answer to bring it relief, and nothing he could disclose about Charity's absence. So he nodded as he slid his feet to the floor, and then said: "No, I think no more news was brought in last night, Abbot."

Abbot paused at the door. He was fingering his chin.

"I don't like the look of things," he confessed bluntly. "Mr. Scharner's room hasn't been slept in. I called him just now and when he didn't answer I went in and found it so. Has he gone as well for Miss Charity?"

Peter dared not meet his eyes as he stammered: "I hope so."

"With all deference I'd say that man's a sly fox, sir. I never came across one who crept round like a cat so! No, never!" Abbot repeated, with probing significance. "Did you say that he'd gone with the Colonel?"

"Who? Mr. Scharner?"

"Aye—if that be his real name," Abbot rejoined. "For I've seen a hairbrush in his room with a different initial on. Did you tell me, sir, that he came from America?"

Peter started.

"No, I didn't," he said.

The old man's face puckered up; with his head on one side he stood and eyed Peter reflectively.

"Now, that's strange!" he responded.

"For certainly I'd a strong notion that you had mentioned to me that he hailed from South America; aye, from one of the Republics in South America. And if it wasn't you who told me who was it? It wouldn't have been my master, for we've not discussed the man. It isn't my place to discuss his guests with my master."

"Who was it, then? Who told you?"

Abbot thought harder, fingered his chin more incisively. Then:

"I've got it!" he cried, with a jerk of relief. "No, it wasn't you, sir; it was the Colonel's new under-gardener, that fellow you and Miss Charity picked up on the moor."

"Guymer told you?" stared Peter.

"Yes; he happened to let it drop casually."

"What did he say exactly?" Peter demanded.

"Nothing very much. They were discussing Mr. Scharner in the servants' hall, and one of the footmen was just declaring that Mr. Scharner wasn't an Englishman when this man Guymer looked in for something or other. 'No,' muttered Guymer—you know his muttering way, sir—he's a South American dago; and that's all he said, sir. He frowned directly the words were out of his mouth, frowned at himself as though he was sorry he'd said it."

Peter was dressed now. He followed the old man downstairs, where breakfast was laid for Major Chris and himself. While they ate the Major spoke in low tones.

"Peter," he said, "the key to the position is Pape. We must find Pape. You must comb Market Torridge for him. You must get him here, and we'll wring the truth from the man if we have to do it at the pistol point."

Peter broke in to mention what Abbot had just told him of Guymer.

"Then Guymer is in it as well, as I've often suspected. Peter, send Abbot for Guymer at once! No, don't ring! Jump up and find Abbot and tell him quietly to bring Guymer in here."

They were in the little room at the side of the hall. Peter ran out, but was back again in a minute.

"Abbot suspects something and he'd been to find Guymer already. But Guymer has gone; he is nowhere about," he reported.

"My fault!" exclaimed Major Chris bitterly. "I ought to have guessed. I ought to have got hold of the fellow last night. Peter, you and I were wool-gathering last night; of course we ought to have got hold of Guymer at once."

Peter said: "We were bowled out a bit by the shock."

"No, there's no excuse; there's no excuse!" growled Major Chris. He raised his head as the door opened. Abbot had entered. He advanced and spoke in a whisper to Major Chris, whose eyes, as he listened, were suddenly all lighted up.

TO BE CONTINUED

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MAN IS ALWAYS CHANGING

IF we could do with Time what the dramatist does, and compress a cycle of events into an hour or so, we should experience a surprise perhaps not often foreseen.

Our prophets speak with hope and vision of what the human race may be expected to achieve in the course of generations, but is it realised that in the meantime Nature will be doing a great deal with man and all the rest of life which shares the globe with him?

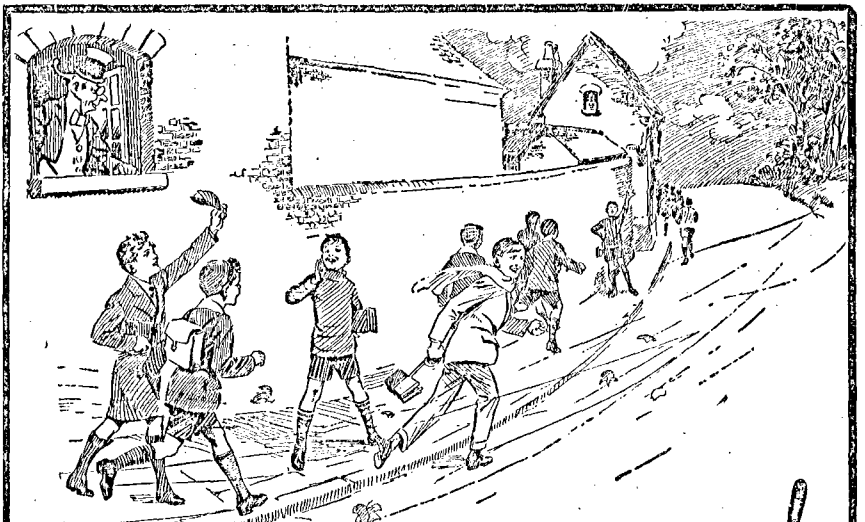
These few words are from a striking article (one of many on a variety of subjects) appearing in the March issue of the monthly companion of the C.N., which is now on sale everywhere.

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Edited by Arthur Mee

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FOR BREAKFAST NOW!"**

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

February 15, 1930

Every Thursday, 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s. 6d. a year. (Canada 14s.)

THE BRAN TUB

Lost Money

TRY this little puzzle on your friends to see if they can think quickly.

One day Frank had his boots repaired. When they were delivered he was not at home, so his father paid the bill of 8s. 6d. When Frank returned he offered his father a pound note and received 11s. 6d. change. On the next day his father was unfortunate enough to lose the pound note. How much was he out of pocket?

Answer next week

Is Your Name Barber?

BARBER is a surname derived from a trade or profession, and the ancestor of the present-day Barbers was undoubtedly a barber-surgeon and described as such, his trade description descending to his children as a surname.

Heads and Tails

COMPLETE I am a word of five letters meaning in flood. Beheaded I am a head. Beheaded again and I am consumed. Finally curtailed I am a preposition indicating position.

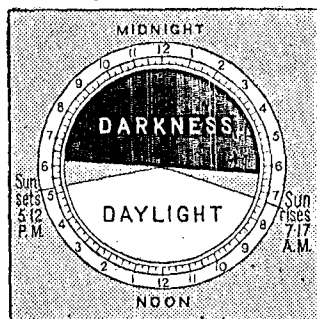
Answer next week

The Words We Speak and How They Came

Zest. We might wonder what connection there could be between the word zest and a small piece of orange peel, yet this is what the word means.

A long time ago it was the custom on the Continent to put strips of orange or lemon peel in drinks in order to give a piquancy to them, and so the word zest, a piece of peel, came to be used for the flavour it imparted. Then zest was used in a more abstract sense, and men were said to find a zest in their work or sport or other occupation just as they found a pleasant flavour in their drink when the peel was added.

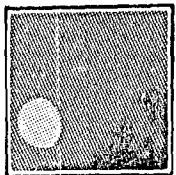
Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight gets longer each day.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South-East. In the evening Jupiter is in the South and Neptune is in the South-East. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 11 p.m. on February 16.



What Am I?

My first is in ape but not in man,
My second is in walk but not in ran,
My third is in laughter but not in joy,
My fourth is in youth but not in boy,
My fifth is in fire but not in heat,
My sixth is in bang but not in beat,
My seventh is in sun but not in moon,
My eighth is in midnight but not in noon,
My whole is a metal both fine and rare,
Because of its value please treat it with care.

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



C'est l'essieu qui unit les roues.
Bébé ne pleure pas en ce moment.
La volière renferme les oiseaux.

Sayings That Shakespeare Created

I KNOW a trick worth two of that.
Henry IV, Pt. I, II 1.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.
Troilus and Cressida, III 3.
It beggared all description.
Antony and Cleopatra, II 2.
Every inch a king.
King Lear, IV 6.
A custom more honoured in the breach than the observance.
Hamlet, I 4.

The Smallest Living Thing

THE smallest living thing is the bacterium, which consists of a single cell and sometimes measures only a twenty-five thousandth of an inch at its widest part. A million such creatures could be comfortably packed on the head of a pin. Bacteria multiply very rapidly. Under ideal conditions one may develop into 17 millions in twenty-four hours. One ounce of garden soil may contain any number from ten millions to fifty millions of them.

A Buried Proverb

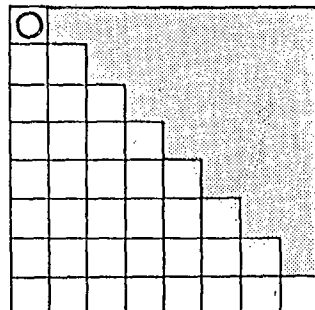
IN the following letter five words have been omitted. The number of letters in each word is indicated by asterisks, and the words when found will form a well-known proverb.

Dear Joan,—I cannot think how **** times I have tried to write to you, but I have so much on my ***** at the moment that I had to **** a special effort to get it written. The men are coming to fix the electric ***** on Tuesday, and we shall not be able to come and see you until Wednesday as their **** will take them all day.

Your loving sister, Dorothy.

Answer next week

Step Words



BEGIN with the letter O and add one letter (in any order) at each step until a word meaning situated in the South is formed. A proper word must be made at each step. As an additional clue, the five-lettered word means a path.

Answer next week

The Litterer's Path

PAPER and cardboard thrown about
Mark the path of the Litter Lout.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Buying Books Animal Word Pyramid
10

S
A
P
E
E
G
R
E
T
M
A
C
A
Q
U
E
A
L
B
A
T
R
O
S
S

Missing Vowels

Asses carry oats, horses eat them.
It is a long lane that has no turning.
One swallow does not make a summer.
A live dog is better than a dead lion.

Who Was He? Anthony Trollope.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

NEGATION HERE
AN AA AMBER BAN
SEAS RIPE ADOPT
ET TRILL IRON AA
M TEEM OTTER AN
ENURE ERAS SONG
NON FINER BETTL
TREE FEDERATE E

Dr MERRYMAN

No Reason for Complaint

PETER and Pam were told to share an apple. Having cut it in two, Peter took the bigger portion for himself.

"You greedy boy!" said Pam. "If I had chosen I should have taken the smaller piece for myself."

"Then why worry?" said Peter. "You have it now."

A Good Judge

THE new golfer had a good idea of his play.

"How do you like my game?" he asked his caddy one day.

"I suppose it's all right, sir," said the caddy, "but I prefer golf."

The Editor's Regrets

THE writer of experience was giving some advice to a young author of his acquaintance.

"A thing worth remembering," he said, "is to give to the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you."

"I have, and it has," said the young man, as he thought of his growing pile of rejected manuscripts.

Wrong Number

A LITTLE boy rang up his Daddy's office.

In answer to the request "Who is speaking, please?" Daddy, who recognised his son's voice, said, "The smartest man in London."

"I'm sorry," came the reply, "they've given me the wrong number."

An Incomplete Eight



WHEN Billy Black set out to skate

He shouted with elation:
"Here goes to cut a figure 8,
Twill cause a great sensation."

One half his task with graceful glide

He did, and then next minute
When for the second half he tried
Poor Billy "crashed" within it!

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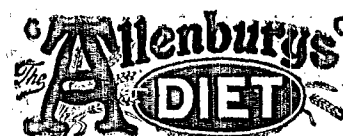
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TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

KEN had known Mr. and Mrs. Adams for years; and they had known Ken ever since he was a baby.

They kept a tiny sweet-shop in the village—at least, Mrs. Adams kept it, for poor old Mr. Adams was crippled and couldn't leave his sofa. Ken used to go and talk to the old man and show him his foreign stamps; and Mrs. Adams always had a few sweets in a bag ready for him when he went.

The old man had a wireless set by his sofa, but Ken had never seen him using it.

"Why don't you use your wireless set, Mr. Adams?" he asked him.

"Won't work, my dear," said the old man sadly. "It

was given me by Squire's son when he went abroad. It was an old valve set he had no use for, but it won't work



Ken stood by to help

now; and we can't afford batteries for it, anyway. I miss it sadly, for many pleasant hours I've listened in.

But they say it would take a pound to put it right."

Ken's big brother Ralph knew all about wireless, so when he came back from school that evening Ken told him about Mr. Adams's set.

"What does he want a valve set for?" said Ralph. "A crystal set is all he needs, and there's nothing to go wrong in that."

"But he can't afford that either," answered Ken.

"Well, you bring the old chap's set along and we'll see if we can't fix it up," said Ralph kindly. "You only need a bit of crystal. I can use parts of his old set, and I have lots of wire."

"Let me buy the crystal," cried Ken eagerly.

OLD ADAMS LISTENS IN

Ralph spent two evenings altering old Adams's set, while Ken stood by to hand him nuts and wire and tools.

"There!" said Ralph at last. "There's nothing to go wrong in that. And no batteries for old Adams to buy. Let's go and put it on for him."

You can imagine the old man's surprise when he knew his set was working again.

"I can't believe it doesn't need valves or batteries," he said with delight.

"And Daddy told me to give you this," said Ken, handing him an envelope.

"He said it's only a fair exchange for all the sweets Mrs. Adams gives me."

Inside the envelope was a wireless licence.